

THE

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## MONT BLANC.

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(SEE PLATE.)

THE Alps are admitted on all hands to be by far the most remarkable of all the mountain-ranges in Europe. Commencing at the Mediterranean, they form a vast crescent, one of its horns reaching to that sea, and the other terminating in Austria, north-eastward of the Gulf of Venice, and in fact, uniting with the Hæmus or Balkan. Beginning at the Mediterranean, there are no fewer than ten divisions, called by as many names, viz., the Maritime, the Cottian, the Grey, the Pennine, the Leopontine, the Rhetian, the Noric, the Carnic, the Julian, and the Dinarian Alps. The centre of this vast range of mountains is in Switzerland, whence branches run off, in something like a detached form, into Savoy, France, Germany, Italy, Slavonia and Dalmatia.

The word *alp*, it may be remarked, is of Celtic origin, and signifies an elevated verdant spot of pasture land, lying on the summit, or on an elevated *bench* or *slope* of a mountain. Many of these natural mountain *prairies*, if they may be so called, exist in the range of which we are speaking, and are resorted to by the shepherds and herdsmen of the valleys below, who depasture their flocks and herds there during the summer months, occupying for this purpose rude little houses, built of stone or of wood, and called *châlets*.

Mont Blanc (*White Mountain*, as its name

signifies), is the highest mountain in Europe, having an elevation of 15,781 feet. It stands like a great giant in the midst of his fellows, rearing his snow-clad head above them all. Nevertheless, he is not without some noble companions, who are not much his inferiors either in point of grandeur or of venerable appearance. Away off in the south, in the Cottian Alps, is Mont Viso, that has the respectable height of 13,828 feet; and a little nearer is Mont Iséran, in the same division, that is almost as high. Mont Rosa, which is still nearer, being, like Mont Blanc, in the Pennine Alps, is 15,540 feet high, and is only 241 feet lower than its great compeer. Mont Cervin is 14,784, L'Alle Blanche is 14,775, the Great Glockner 13,713, and the Jungfrau (Virgin) 13,720. Besides these, there are several others that exceed 10,000 feet, and a host of smaller ones which vary from that height on a descending scale down as low as 5000. So that it may be said that Mont Blanc is most honorably guarded in the midst of his vast mountain domain.

There is no feature of the Alps more striking than that of the beautiful valleys, that lie between the successive ranges of mountains, that often run in parallel courses, one rising above another, till the centre of the whole system is reached. These valleys are generally long and narrow, and well cultivated. Even the sides

of the mountains are often cultivated up to a considerable height. Nothing can be more charming to the eye of a traveller, as he wends his way in mid-summer, through these vast mountains, than the sight of these lovely valleys. Fields of wheat, rye, oats, potatoes, flax, buckwheat, &c., stretch throughout these valleys, and along the skirts of the adjoining mountain-barriers, and make him feel that though he is in the midst of the stupendous works of God, yet he is not severed from the great family of mankind.

Such a valley is that of Chamouni,\* which runs along by the northern base of Mont Blanc. The Arve, or rather a main branch of it called the Arveron, runs through it from the east to the west, and then turning to the north, flows away to join the Rhine, just below the city of Geneva.

Those who visit Mont Blanc from Switzerland, usually go by way of Chamouni. To reach this valley, the traveller, who sets off from Geneva, may go up the valley of the Arve, passing through a number of little Savoyard villages; or he may go up to the head of the Lake Lemman, and thence pursuing the valley of the Rhone a considerable distance, cross over the mountain ridge which separates the head streams of the Arveron and the Rhone, and so enter the valley of Chamouni from the east.

The village of Chamouni which is well delineated in the engraving which is given in this number of the Christian Parlor Magazine, stands about mid-way in the valley of the same name, and considerably east of the central part of Mont Blanc, as the reader will perceive. The middle peak of the portion of the mountain that is covered with snow, is called the Dôme, and is the highest point of the entire mountain. The dark looking portion of the mountain which fills up the left end of the plate might be supposed to be higher than any of the summits covered with snow. But this is an illusion. To one standing at Chamouni it has that appearance, because it is much nearer to the village than the summits referred to, which are, in reality, the highest points of the mountain.

The reader will remark that a great body of what appears to be snow, but what is really ice, descends seemingly at no great distance

\* This word is spelled very differently, *Chamouni*, *Chamouny*, *Chamonix*, all pronounced alike, viz., as if written *Shamoonce*. As to the origin of this name, M. de Saussure and others contend that it comes from the Latin, *Campus munitus*, a fortified camp.

from the village; this is the *glacier* of Buisson. It is said that twenty-five such glaciers descend from Mont Blanc into the valleys of Chamouni, Entreves and Bionnay. The whole number which belong to this mountain is sometimes estimated at sixty. In the whole chain of the Alps, it is believed that the number of the glaciers is between 500 and 600. The appearance as well as the formation of these glaciers are very remarkable.

The cold of the atmosphere increases, as is well known, with the elevation; and at a certain height, depending on the latitude, it is so great as to cause perpetual frost. At that point, and at all places above, snow will lie all the year, unless the nature of the ground or of the rocks—being too steep, as in the case of mural precipices—will not permit it to lie. Above the snow-line, that is, the line at which perpetual frost commences, snow will not only lie all the year, but it will increase in depth, because only a portion of that which successively falls, is carried away by evaporation or the influence of the sun during the summer. During the winter, the snow-line descends at times, from the height of 6000 or 7000 feet, where in latitude 45°, there is perpetual frost, to the bases of the mountains. The glaciers are formed by the partial melting of the lower edges of the masses of perpetual snow which lies above the snow-line, and which degeals in the summer through the action of the sun and rain, and then becomes frozen in the winter. These vast masses of ice lying embedded in the ravines and valleys which descend from the highest Alps, vary in length, breadth and depth. Some are as long as fifteen or twenty miles; some no more than two or three. Some are half a mile in width; and some are two miles and more. The depth of some is thirty, forty or fifty feet; that of others is five or six hundred. There is a glacier of immense size which descends from behind the portion of Mont Blanc which fills the left part of the view which we have given in the plate which accompanies this number, that contains a large expansion at the height of 6000 feet, called the *Mer de Glace*, or sea of ice. This glacier, like that of the Buisson, descends even in summer, down to the valley of Chamouni. And from beneath a vast arch of ice, issues a very considerable branch of the Arveron. This stream is comparatively insignificant in the winter, because its sources are locked up in ice; whilst in summer it is a large one.

The glaciers, pressed upon by the masses of

ice and snow which are above, are more or less constantly in motion. As masses of ice are perpetually detaching themselves and moving down, often with tremendous noise, chasms and fissures are formed, which make it extremely dangerous to walk upon these glaciers, and none should attempt it without a skilful guide. Not a few persons have fallen into these crevices and been lost. Indeed, nothing can be more appalling scarcely than the sight of those chasms, some of them only a few inches, and others several feet in width, and extending down in some cases hundreds of feet. M. de Lac makes mention of a Mr. Escher who, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his guides, undertook to traverse a glacier, in order to reach two chamois-hunters whom he saw sitting on a rock at the upper end of the glacier, and at no great distance from him. In an instant, losing his foot-hold, he fell into a fissure and disappeared for ever from their sight! The moving masses of ice carry with them the bodies of persons who have thus fallen into the chasms, and in process of time carry them down to the valleys below. In the same way masses of rock are carried down.

The first attempt to ascend to the top of Mont Blanc, was made, it is said, in 1762, by Pierre Simon, of Chamouni. It was unsuccessful. Mr. Bourrit, of Geneva, and M. de Saussure made fruitless attempts in 1784 and 1785. Other unsuccessful attempts had been made. But in 1786, on the 8th of August, Jacques Balma (who had ascended with a party in June of that year, that had failed to reach the top) succeeded in going up with a Dr. Pachard, of Chamouni. On the 2d of August, 1788, M. de Saussure reached the summit; and gave to the world a glowing account of the wonderful, and almost boundless, vision which he enjoyed from that great elevation. Since that epoch, almost every year some persons have attempted to ascend. Down till 1827, there had been only fourteen successful ascents, and eighteen persons, exclusive of guides, had gained the height. Ten of these were Englishmen, two Americans (Dr. Van Rensselaer and Mr. Howard), two Swiss, one Russian, one German, and one Savoyard. Since 1827, several others have succeeded in ascending. About fifteen years ago, a party of guides ascended, and took with them Maria de Mont Blanc, as she is called, a high-spirited girl; and in 1838, a Mademoiselle D'Angeville also succeeded in reaching the summit.

The valley of Chamouni is visited every sum-

mer by strangers from all parts of the civilized world; and not without reason. There is no scenery of the kind in any part of the world, that is so beautiful and so grand. The view of the valley itself, carpeted over with smiling fields and meadows, and of the hoary head of Mont Blanc, with the *Aiguilles*, or sharp-pointed rocky masses, which, like turrets, rise from the various summits around, that one has from La Flegère, on a mountain which stands on the north side of Chamouni, cannot be conceived by those who have not enjoyed it. Chamouni and Mont Blanc are to Europe what Niagara is to America, each is excellent of its kind; and both display in the most wonderful manner the grandeur which the infinite God can give to his works when he chooses. The albums of the hotels of the village of Chamouni contain the names of those who annually visit this delightful valley. Many have left other memorials of their visits than the mere inscription of their names in the books of a tavern. Those who have, or think they have, the spirit of the muses, are careful not to lose the opportunity to record some verses.\* But we have never seen anything in these effusions to compare with some things of the kind which one finds at Niagara, and especially the immortal ode of the lamented Brainard.

"The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,

While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
As if God poured thee from his 'hollow hand,'  
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;  
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to  
him,

Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
'The sound of many waters;' and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime?  
O, what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering  
side!

Yea, what is all the riot man can make,  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!  
And yet, bold babblers, what art thou to Him  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains!—a light wave,  
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might."

\* Lord Byron, during one of his visits to Chamouni, wrote some verses in the album of the Hotel de l'Europe; but some vandal of a traveller has torn out the leaf in order to have Lord B's autograph.

But if there be much about Chamouni in the works of God to interest in the highest degree the mind of every cultivated man, there is also much in the moral condition of the inhabitants to afflict the heart of the enlightened Christian. This charming valley, with its grand mountain scenery, lies in the heart of Savoy—a land over which the darkness of papal superstition is like that which rested on old Egypt, a darkness which “may be felt.” The shrines of the Madonna are seen, at short intervals, along the

road-side. Her chapels, with hideous images of the mother and the infant Jesus, are everywhere seen. Roman Catholic priests abound everywhere. The people are grossly ignorant, and the greatest vigilance is put into requisition to keep those who can read from getting possession of a copy of the sacred Scriptures. Surely it may well be said of that country:

“Every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.”

## HEROD AGRIPPA.

BY MISS MINERVA CATLIN.

A SHOUT, long, loud, tumultuous, like the voice  
Of congregated hosts, is on the air;  
The foaming sea rolls back in trumpet tones  
The sound, till ev'ry breeze bears on its wing  
A deafening peal.

Is it the voice of praise  
Sent from a nation's grateful heart to Heav'n?  
Oh Israel! thine altar is profaned—  
The morning sacrifice of ingrate souls  
Is laid upon a blacken'd shrine, and lips  
That should have breathed in holy awe the prayer  
Of loyal hearts, are bowed in dust to kiss  
An idol face; and sacrilegious hands  
Have dared to pluck the honors of a God,  
And wildly wreath them round a mortal brow.

Dense crowds press on.—Subdued but lovely  
Greece;

Imperial, proud Rome; cities of Tyre  
And Sidon, each brave tribute give, to swell  
The gay, expectant throng.

Still bathed in morn's  
Soft purple glow, the theatre uplifts  
Its form of grandeur, clad in snowy white,  
That now unwonted concourse greets, and seems  
E'en moving to the beating pulse of life.

In state Agrippa sat enthroned, his brow  
With royalty's bright halo graced—the crown;  
His silver-tissued robe hung round his form  
So like the drapery of the noon-day sun,  
Its strange effulgence seemed supernal light,  
Blinding the throng that gazed in wonder mute,  
And to that pageant concourse audience gave.

But when the heav'n-lit fire of eloquence  
Kindled upon his lip, and burning words  
Borne on a voice of deep-toned melody,  
Arose like ocean-music on the air,  
Then burst the thunder of applause, and rent  
The morning silence with the pealing notes  
That rolled sonorous from a thousand tongues,  
'Till ev'ry hill and mountain echoed back  
Idolatry's fierce shouts—a God! a God!  
The wings of morning took the impious cry  
And bore it up to heav'n where vengeance sat;  
That arm shall hurl it with a fearful weight  
Upon thy guilty head, thou supple king.

Tremble! th' avenging angel's on the wing,  
The bird of night—ill omen, broodeth nigh—  
Thy guiding star is on the wane, and Death  
Waves his pale ensign o'er thy opening tomb.  
E'en now his icy signet's on thy brow,  
His chill breath on thy bloodless lip and cheek.  
Look up! and if thou can'st, drink in once more  
The pure, sweet light of Heav'n—that Heav'n's  
which thou

With bold effrontery hast dared to rob  
Of homage due to God alone; and move  
Thy quiv'ring lips in prayer, if thus thy soul  
May expiate its dark, unholy deed.  
Oh! nerve thy spirit for its upward flight,  
And when a stricken nation's tears baptize  
Thy livid corse—a nation's wail repeats  
The mournful dirge of Judah's fallen prince,  
Thy soul disrobed before the eye of Heav'n  
Shall wait its audit at the bar of God.



## THE POETRY OF PHILOSOPHY.

LIVING in a land of Christians and Christian privileges, we can scarcely imagine the condition of such a country as Greece in the days of her philosophers. We look to one fountain as the source of all doctrine, one standard of right and wrong. Then men followed the beck of the sage teachers, whose creeds were as many as themselves. But it is interesting to observe that the nature of men led them to adopt such creeds as possessed much poetical beauty. Perhaps a few moments passed in noticing this fact, may not be unprofitably spent. We shall not undertake to define Poetry. The admirer of Homer, or he who makes Virgil his companion in the closet and the walk, looks for vivid description and rich incident, as constituent parts, while the lover of Gierusalemme Liberata or the Divina Commedia, turns from these old epics in disgust. Equally at variance are the sentiments of the reader of Shelley, Goethe and Byron, from his who admires Thompson, Goldsmith or Cowper. The conclusion therefore is that Poetry is that which produces an effect on the passions varying as the cause. If we analyze the feeling produced on reading Milton, we shall find it not essentially different from that experienced by one who listens to the dash of the surf at night, while the melody of Tasso is none other than that of a bubbling fountain or the same waves singing themselves to rest. Unwritten Poetry exists everywhere; so much so that the idea itself has become hackneyed. Adam saw the Poetry of nature, and we fancy he must have listened often to the song of the morning stars. If he did not, we can answer for ourselves that we have. The earth waxed old and sinful, and the deluge woke man from a delirious dream. The last agonizing cry of mortality rang over the startled waters, and then years passed on before the dull realities of a growing world permitted the sons of Noah to regard the passions and propensities of the heart. Pass we immediately on to the days of Grecian Philosophy.

On the statue of Epicurus was inscribed:

"Oh tenebris tantis tam clarum lumen extollere  
Qui primus potuisti, illustrans commoda vitæ."

A text that for a long discourse, we shall make it short. That light was brilliant but fitful, and has long ago died away. The ancient Philosophies (we hesitate when we say it, lest the dead of centuries turn restlessly in their slumberings) were glorious dreams, chiefly

rich in poetic beauty. The growth of Poetry was analogous to that of mind until it arrived at a certain point. As yet that point was unattained, and man was prepared to receive the most fantastic ideas, and treasure them in proportion as they were less real and more dazzling. There had been as yet no thought of curbing or disciplining the spirit, and it is not the least remarkable feature of the Philosophies of that age, that while all were sedulously directing their attention to the soul, they rather regarded it as a distant object, the approximation to which was the object of life, than as the first principle of their own being, whose visible existence was in every thought and action. Of consequence they were ready to grasp no sound and perfectly constructed theory, but reason and imagination formed a strange alliance, and the product was those gorgeous and startling figments that we can only term dreams.

The light of revelation had not dawned on Greece, when a star arose above an obscure hut in Miletus. All eyes were directed towards its wanderings until it settled over Athens, in the full brilliancy of the Socratic Philosophy; men were charmed to worship. Well had it been said of the son of Sophroniscus, "*Illustrans commoda vitæ.*" Disciples gathered from all countries to hear him reason of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come. Righteousness that we might even now almost recognize, Temperance severe and stern, a future, that the sage feared yet longed for. He arrived by a direct and logical method at the memorable conclusion that he knew nothing save his want of a teacher from above. The pupil forgot the master's warning. The latter, led by the love and full appreciation of truth, was heedful and chastened. The former, loving the beautiful and mystic, as well as retaining much of his teacher's counsels, put forth ideas of immortality, not inconsistent with revelation, but marked with a high degree of poetic fervor.

Plato was a strong reasoner, and (strange union) a poet. We challenge uninspired literature to produce such a perfect specimen of Poetic Philosophy; apparently heedless of the last conclusion of his master in hidden lore, he groped in search of that which the unaided intellect cannot attain. Read if you will the record of numbered years, open the garner of buried ages, look at nature's storehouse of fair things, the earth and sea and all beauty, and above at the depths of pure unfathomable

glory; and learn of all these. Treasure up all the learning that time has hoarded for you, but dare not to lift the veil of the future, or gaze at aught in it, until you have knelt to him whose alone the future is.

Far be it from us to depreciate in the least, the work of the mighty Academician. We are not so mad. Our object is only to show the helplessness of Philosophy, when the light of revelation is withheld. To the question, "Shall I read Plato?" we answer unhesitatingly, "If you can appreciate and understand him, Yes." Unsurpassed in argument, he was led too far and became of necessity poetical. With him, forget that you are in a land of gospel-light and revealed religion, regard utility as a motive too base for an immortal, and then revel with him in the dreamy land.

We can see him now, his white locks streaming in the wind, which he points to as an emblem of the soul, unseen yet felt, unknown yet known. We can catch the flash of his eager eye, and see the convulsive movement of his lip as he half hesitates to speak of things so mighty. And now, his head thrown back, and his eye fixed upward, as if to gaze into infinity, and ask of the eternal what he is, we can hear as a rich strain of music, the words that picture forth the *Ayadon*. This is

"An Orphic song indeed,  
A song divine, of high and passionate thoughts  
To their own music chanted."

We have heard it! at midnight when the soul, wrapt in the mantle of its own imaginings, had gathered to it all things of the olden time, when in the inner sanctuary of this temple, the high priests of learning were ministering as they were wont, in days that are told, and the voice of all material things was hushed in the anthem of departed glories, then, above the thousand chords, touched by ten thousand hands, have we heard the thrilling music of the old Academy.

But the fathers of the Ionic school were not the only Poet Philosophers. Long after the star of Socrates had set, when the grove was temporarily deserted, and the Platonists were

an obscure sect, the torches of Aristotle, the Stoic and the Cynic were flashing in the palaces of Greece. Did space allow we might go on to show the poetic beauty of these scarce inferior sages. We have no treasures save our Bible, that we regard with half the veneration and love that we have for the fragments of Pythagoras, Zeno, Epicurus and the unconnected quotations of Antisthenes. It is much to be lamented that the vitiated taste of this age is rejecting the antique because it is visionary, and courting and greedily seizing on that which is a hundred fold more so. The cold winds of a modern age swept over the fair flowers of Ancient Philosophy, and they withered. The unskilful nurture of the Roman suffered them to grow unprotected, and the Reformation finding them in such hands ruthlessly chilled them. They hung drooping and lifeless, yet rich in color, evidencing their former beauty, until the touch of Bacon, leading on the pack of modern utilitarianism, scattered them on the ground. Few cared to gather the petals; yet we might linger long here to show how the modern founder of inductive reasoning, chose the gems of Aristotle as the foundation of his theories. But this is not in our course. A few leaves were saved from the general wreck, and placed in that sanctuary of time-honored things the scholar's closet, and here and there, a solitary may be found, kneeling before a leaf of the ancient poetic Philosophy. Need we pause to derive a moral from its fate? "Here" exclaimed the earl of Rochester, laying his hand on his Bible, "Here is true Philosophy." The sage of old time looked earnestly for an unknown teacher; we kneel to him revealed unto us.

He dreamed of a life to be; "Now the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." Mere worldly wisdom has always been proved to be folly.

Here are wisdom and Poetry mingled with inimitable beauty; here is music to the weary soul; balm to the plague-marked brow; water to the parched lips; here is TRUTH, the *ayadon* of all Philosophy. W. C. P.

## INCIDENT IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF OUR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. C. A. GOODRICH.

It was my privilege, about eighteen years ago, to make the acquaintance of an English gentleman, named WILLIAM T. MONCY, who related to me the facts I am about to record. He was a man of rare and varied excellence, who had served his country in numerous stations of honor and trust, in different parts of the world. For many years, he was a member of the House of Commons; being one of that small body of Christian statesmen, who, in connection with Mr. Wilberforce, supported Mr. Pitt in his general line of policy, and were thus enabled to claim many concessions from the Minister, of the highest importance to the cause of humanity and religion. Never will it be known, I believe, until the disclosures of the great day, how large was the share of this noble body of men, in preparing the way for those wider operations of Christian benevolence which characterize the present age, especially in those parts of the world where British favor and influence have been made to throw their protection around the friends of religion and humanity.

Mr. Moncy afterwards went to India in connection with the same Christian party, and in furtherance of their designs. He resided for some years at Bombay, occupying a judicial post of great responsibility, and it was there that the events took place, of which I am about to speak. When I knew him, he had recently returned from the East, and was then filling the office of British Resident, at Venice; a station selected for him by his friends, as one in which to repair the injury done to the health of his family by the enervating climate of Hindostan.

Here, as everywhere, his chief desire, his constant aim and effort was to *do good*, especially to the souls of men. With this view, he sent to England for a young clergyman of evangelical principles and devoted piety, and supported him, at his own expense, as chaplain of the British Residency at Venice. His object was, to provide a place of Protestant worship for thousands of his countrymen who visit Italy every year, in pursuit of health or pleasure, and who take up their residence for a part of the season, in that city of palaces and paintings. The pleasing manners and generous

hospitality of Mr. Moncy, would naturally make his house the resort of most of the English who passed through Venice. To these claims on his time and attention, he laid himself open with a readiness not often found in public functionaries, because he hoped, in this way, to draw many under the influence of the gospel, who knew little or nothing of spiritual Christianity in their own country. Those who frequented his house every day of the week, could hardly refuse to assist him, by their presence on Sunday, in holding up the Protestant worship of their native land. The English, indeed, have a sentiment of honor on this subject, which, I regret to say, is shared by too few of our countrymen who visit the continent of Europe. They consider it a mark of *rationality*, to attend public worship in foreign countries, according to the ordinances of their own church; so that persons of that gay and pleasure-loving class, who, coming from America, utterly neglect the services of the sanctuary while in France and Italy, are found, among the English, sustaining the Protestant worship of their fathers with the utmost punctuality. This gives evangelical churches among them an opportunity of doing much good to the gay part of their countrymen abroad. Many to whom religion had been a thing of mere outward form in England, have, for the first time in their lives, heard the gospel preached in its true import and power, on the continent, in chapels opened and sustained by such men as Mr. Moncy and Lewis Way, who, in going abroad for health or pleasure, go abroad also to *do good*.

I shall not dwell on the delightful Christian intercourse which I had with this excellent man and his family, in the eight or ten days during which his kindness detained me under his roof. My sole object, indeed, in speaking of his life and character at all, has been to prepare the reader to enter more fully into the events I am about to describe. The facts have been given to the public in general terms before; but there were circumstances connected with the scene, as presented by Mr. Moncy, which greatly heightened its interest; and which though necessarily suppressed when the events were

recent, may, at this distance of time, without impropriety be given to the world.

We were conversing one evening on missions to the heathen, a subject on which the mind of Mr. Money always kindled at once into the liveliest interest. I asked him, among other things, whether he knew much of the American missionaries in India.

"I know them well," said he, "some of them personally, and others by the report of friends, in whom I can perfectly confide. I regard them as one of the noblest bodies of men, that ever went in modern times, to preach the gospel of Christ among the heathen. I have been well acquainted with missionaries of various countries, English, French, German; but I must say, the American missionaries, especially those who first went out to India, were superior to most or all of them. They had a strong sense, practical talent, patient industry and indomitable zeal, united to a singleness of aim, and an elevation of Christian principle, which admirably prepared them to be pioneers in this great work."

"What circumstances have led you," said I, "to form this high estimate of their character?"

"I was in India," said Mr. Money, "in 1812, when the first missionaries of the American Board arrived at Calcutta. My station was at that time at Bombay, at the head of the police, and of the criminal courts, in that part of the Presidency. The news reached us, that five Americans had just landed at Calcutta, in quest of some field of labor among the heathen. It was a peculiarly unfortunate time. The government at Calcutta had long felt a keen jealousy of missions, even as conducted by Englishmen, and under the guidance of such men as Carey and Marshman. But that *foreigners* should obtrude themselves into a concern of so much delicacy, and especially Americans, who had been for years on ill terms with the government at home, who had assailed us with embargoes, and threatened us with war—that such men should be permitted to endanger the stability of our Indian Empire, and the life of every Englishman in the country, by the preposterous attempt to change the faith of one hundred millions of people—all this seemed to most men in power, to be utterly beyond endurance."

"Were there none," I inquired, "who entertained better views; who even then saw, what the event has so fully proved, that all such fears were groundless?"

"The number," said Mr. Money, "was

comparatively small. Yet there were some at Calcutta, even among the members of the Board, who defended the missionaries, and insisted that they might safely be permitted to remain. The majority, however, decided against them. They were ordered to depart for England; and we read in the Calcutta papers, their names reported as passengers in a fleet which sailed for Europe in November, 1812. Judge, then, of our astonishment, when two of them, Mr. Hall and Mr. Nott, with the wife and child of the latter, arrived at Bombay in the beginning of the year 1813. Convinced, however, of the rectitude of their intentions, though they had left Calcutta for Bombay against the will of the government, I immediately offered them my assistance, and interceded with our governor, Sir Evan Nepean, in their behalf."

"Sir Evan Nepean! Was he not a Vice President of a Bible Society, and a friend of missions?"

"He was, and it was the knowledge of this fact, that induced the missionaries to take refuge in Bombay. But, unfortunately, reports of the most unfavorable character respecting them, had just reached the governor, from Calcutta. They were charged with having violated a promise they had made to quit India, and go at once to the Isle of France; they were, therefore, ordered immediately to leave Bombay. Sir Evan Nepean, however, at my request, listened candidly to their explanations on this subject, and deemed them satisfactory. He permitted them to remain until orders should be received from Calcutta, and even wrote in their favor to the government there. In the meantime, I invited them to my house, and gave them every facility in my power for the furtherance of their designs. I found them to be men of a truly noble spirit; generous, devoted, self-sacrificing men, who 'counted not their lives dear unto themselves,' that they might finish with joy their work of mercy among the heathen. We had begun to anticipate the most favorable results, when an unexpected difficulty arose. An American vessel, the *Alligator*, arrived at Calcutta in the month of May—the war between England and America, you will remember, had commenced some months before—bearing a letter of protection from our Admiral on the Halifax station, Sir John B. Warren, representing this to be a *missionary ship*, sent out with communications to the American missionaries in India. Suspicions, however, were excited, she was seized, and the court found on investigation, that she had been employed in



cruising for a number of weeks off the Cape of Good Hope, to apprise American vessels of the declaration of war."

"And could any man believe that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions were in any way concerned in the device—that they would unite in deceiving Admiral Warren, and furthering the schemes of some Boston or Salem merchants, to save their ships?"

"The American Board were not as well known to the world at that time, as they have been since; and considering the prevailing jealousy of missionaries, and the irritation created by your declaration of war, which had just reached us, it is not surprising that the most unfavorable construction should be put on the case, and that even Sir Evan Nepean should be shaken in his views and feelings. I wrote, in the meantime, to my friends in the Board at Calcutta, giving the amplest testimony to the character of the missionaries; assuring them that Mr. Hall and Mr. Nott had no concern with the affair of the *Alligator*; and entreating them to use all their influence to prevent these excellent men from being sent to England, as was then proposed. I requested them, likewise, to inform me by every post, of the progress of their deliberations; and especially to apprise me, at the earliest possible period, if the result seemed likely to be unfavorable. We were kept for some time in the most anxious state of uncertainty, fluctuating between hope and fear. One day it seemed likely that they might be saved, and the next, that nothing could prevent them from being driven from the country."

"And how did the missionaries appear under those trying circumstances?"

"Like men of God, whose only anxiety was, not for themselves, but for the honor of Christ, and the interest of his kingdom. As you would naturally suppose, they were in the deepest affliction. To be driven from the field the moment they had entered it; not to be allowed to go to Ceylon, or some other part of the heathen world, but to be carried to England, and thus cut off from the object to which they had consecrated their lives—this seemed to them worse than death itself. Still, their great anxiety was for the cause of missions in America. They felt that it would be dashed to the ground; its friends disheartened; all missionary operations suspended, at least, during a war of uncertain continuance, and perhaps abandoned in despair for half a century; that all depended on their remaining on missionary ground, and thus

keeping up the communication between their country and the heathen, as it were, by a single thread, under the adverse circumstances of a war. With these views, they seemed, at times, almost overwhelmed with emotion; and their only resort was to the throne of grace, where they spent most of their time in fervent supplication, awaiting the decision of their fate."

"Had they any intimation of the result, previous to its public announcement?"

"Yes. My friends at Calcutta wrote me, as I requested, the moment it became certain that the Board would decide against them. They informed me, that in two days, a peremptory order would be sent down to Sir Evan Nepean, directing him to send the missionaries by the first ship to England. The *Carmarthen* was, at that moment, almost ready to sail; and there seemed no alternative but that we should accompany them, like the friends of Paul, to the ship, 'sorrowing most of all that we should see their face no more.'"

"What counsel did you give them under these circumstances?"

"I had none to offer. Indeed, it happened that I was called away into the country that very day, upon important public business. I left them with the expectation of returning before they embarked, and giving them all the consolation I could afford in the last trying scene. Scarcely a day had elapsed, however, before an express arrived from Sir Evan Nepean, requiring my instant return, and attendance at the Government House. *The missionaries had fled!*"

"Whither? By what means?"

"No one could tell. All that was known, was that they left Bombay just before the dispatches arrived from Calcutta, and of course, before any measures were taken to secure their persons. I was summoned to immediate counsel on the subject, and was to expect, as their friend and protector, to bear the brunt of all the indignation which I knew would be awakened by their departure. I set out, therefore, with a heavy heart, yet with unshaken confidence in the integrity of the men. They might have judged unwisely; but I knew them too well to doubt, for a moment, whether they had acted in the fear of God."

"And you heard nothing more on the subject till arrived at Bombay?"

"Nothing. I was there in a few hours, and went at once to the Government House. They were waiting my arrival—all the civil, military and naval officers of the station assembled in

full dress, in a state of high excitement, and spurring each other up to greater and greater indignation against the missionaries, and especially against me, as the supposed author of their flight. The moment I entered the room, the whole assembled company turned upon me like a pack of wolves, and broke forth in the bitterest reproaches and imprecations. 'They have fled! The saints have broken their promise, and fled! These are your missionaries! These are your godly ones! And you, Mr. Money, where have you been all this time?' I stood silent and perfectly calm, in the midst of them, till they had given full vent to their indignation, and then said, 'Gentlemen, you all look at me as though you supposed I had sent away the missionaries. *I have not done it.* I never exchanged a word with them on the subject. I never imagined they had any such design. But I will say, that whether they have acted wisely on the subject or not, I have not the least doubt they have acted in the integrity of their hearts.'

"But their promise? What could you say to the charge of violating their faith?"

"There was no actual promise. They had never been called upon to pledge themselves to remain, and they had never done it. Whether there was an *implied* engagement—an obligation binding upon them as honorable men, to await the decision, will indeed admit of question. Military men, especially when exasperated, would very naturally regard it as an implied *parole*; but I doubt whether there was a military man there, who would not have acted just as they did, if placed in like circumstances."

"And how did Sir Evan Nepean regard their conduct?"

"He had none of the excitement or exasperation which so generally prevailed. He was perfectly calm, but felt deeply wounded and injured; he felt they were bound in honor and conscience to await the decision of the Calcutta Board. Perhaps they judged wrong; though they considered themselves as acting under the injunction of Christ, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee to another.' They thought also, that Paul's escape from Damascus was a case in point; and they acted, as afterwards appeared, under the counsel of advisers in whom they thought certainly they might place implicit confidence."

"What advisers? Is it, then, known by whom they were aided to escape?"

"Let me tell my story as the events occurred. When their wrath had a little subsided, I

took occasion to ask what were the circumstances of the escape. Nothing was known, they said, but that a country vessel on the preceding day, was seen to approach a retired spot. A coach, soon after, drove rapidly down to the shore; a lady and little child stepped out, and then two gentlemen, who hastily shook them by the hand, and then jumped into the vessel, which instantly made sail, while the coach returned as rapidly as it came."

"But the coach? Was there no tracing it?"

"Not that any one knew. Suspicion had, of course, fallen upon me and my family; but as it now appeared I had no participation or knowledge of the matter, all was shrouded in mystery."

"And what measures were adopted?"

"It was resolved, as I could throw no light on the subject, to send out swift ships in pursuit, throughout the whole extent of the coast. All the naval power of the Presidency was put in requisition to overtake and bring back two poor missionaries! I returned to the country, and after a few days a message came from my wife, '*the missionaries have been caught.*' They are now in the harbor, prisoners on board the Ternate; and the report is that they will be sent, like felons, in chains to England.' It was impossible for me at that moment to return; and I wrote a letter to Sir Evan Nepean in the strongest terms I could use, reminding him, that this thing would not be 'done in a corner; that he must answer for such a deed to the whole civilized world; and imploring him to delay any action on the subject, at least for a brief period. He did so. New exertions were made at Calcutta in their behalf; but as no reversal of the order arrived, the governor felt bound to carry it into effect, and accordingly they received official notice that they would sail on the 22d of December. It was at this moment, that they addressed a powerful letter to Sir Evan Nepean, which shook his resolution."

The letter referred to by Mr. Money has never been published, and I will give a brief extract, to show in what terms the missionaries addressed the Governor of Bombay.

"We solemnly appeal to your Excellency's conscience, and ask, Does not your Excellency believe it is the will of Christ, that his gospel should be preached to these heathens? Do you not believe that we have given a credible testimony that we are ministers of Christ, and have come to this country to preach the gospel? and would not prohibiting us from preaching to the heathen here, be a *known* resistance to his will?"

If your Excellency finally exerts civil authority to compel us from this heathen land, what can it be but a decided opposition to the spread of the gospel, amongst those immortal beings whom God has placed under your Excellency's government? What can it be but a fresh instance of that persecution against the Church of Christ, and that opposition to the prevalence of true religion, which has so often provoked the indignation of God, and stamped with sin and shame the history of every age? Can you, Right Honorable Sir, make it appear otherwise to your own conscience—to that Christian public which must be judges in this case—but especially can you justify such an exercise of power, to your God and final judge?"

It is certainly evidence of candor and conscience in Sir Evan Nepean, that he could listen to such language from men who he felt had injured him, and who were missionaries from a people at war with his own government. He laid the letter before his council, and finally resolved not to execute the order from Calcutta, until it was re-affirmed by the Board there.

The sequel is soon told. At this critical juncture, a change took place in the government at Calcutta, and the case of the missionaries was referred to the Court of Directors in London. When it came up there, the views which were first entertained were so unfavorable as to make it almost certain the decision would be against them. But here again, the influence of that Christian party in England, of which I have spoken above, was powerfully interposed. Just as the vote was to be taken, CHARLES GRANT, the friend of Wilberforce, arose, and read a written statement of the facts, derived no doubt from Mr. Money at Bombay and the Board at Boston, followed by an argument so clear and convincing, that the missionaries were at once exonerated from all blame, and permitted by a very decisive vote to remain in India.

They had been supported in the meantime by the Bombay government as prisoners at large—so I understood Mr. Money—were making a steady and rapid progress in acquiring the language, and lost no time by all these trials, in entering on their work.

"And who," said I to Mr. Money, in closing the conversation, "who was found out at last to have aided the missionaries in escaping? Who was the lady and the little girl?"

He turned to his wife and daughter about eighteen years old, who were seated on the sofa, and said, "*There they are sitting before you. That was the lady, and that the little child.*"

"You forget Lieutenant Wade," said Mrs. Money. "Yes," he replied, "Lieutenant John Wade, Secretary to the Governor himself, assisted my wife in carrying out the design. He hired the vessel, and she conducted them to it. It was necessary, from my official station, that the whole should be perfectly concealed from me, and I never imagined until all was over, that there was the least ground for those suspicions which were fixed, from the first, upon me and my family, as concerned in the escape of the missionaries."

Who does not see the hand of Providence in this remarkable series of events? That they should have fled just in time to avoid being sent to England in the Carmarthen; that the wife of one whose business it was to enforce the laws, should have been made the instrument of enabling them to evade them; that Mr. Money should remain wholly ignorant of the fact, and be able to make those disclaimers which gave him all his original influence in defending the missionaries when captured and brought back; that the resolution of Sir Evan Nepean should have been shaken by a letter so plain and cutting, and which might be expected rather to wound the pride and awaken the resentment of a man in his station; that by these various and remarkable interpositions, the execution of the Calcutta order should be delayed for months, till the government there was changed; that the question should thus be carried to London, where it could be argued before a Christian people, on Christian principles, and by the friend of WILBERFORCE and MONCY; who does not see, in all this, the hand of God most strikingly manifest, at one of the most important crises that has ever occurred in the history of American Missions.

## LADY JANE GREY.

A BALLAD FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

BY M. M. BACKUS.

O HEARTS of men, both liege and true,  
List ye my sorrowing lay!  
A trembling lute shall sing it you,  
As trembling lute-string may.

The plain runs of a queen and bride,  
Of stainless majesty,  
Who reached a throne, but in a tide  
Of ebbing blood to die.

In one deep grave she buried lone  
The vows of kin and wife;  
She fled where angels greet their sun,  
From night and dreams to life.

\* \* \* \*

I sing you of Johanna Grey,  
And royal was her blood;  
In heart a gentle dove and gay,  
With soul of valiant mood.

What Plato read on fancy's scroll  
The pure ideal Fair,  
A tender germ within her soul,  
Half-budded, nestled there.

Outspread—for thus did Heaven dispose,  
Ere Time's first moment flew—  
Outspread its petals, like a rose  
All spangled o'er with dew.

A brother's love—ill bide the hour!—  
Bequeath'd her England's crown,  
Ah, destiny! then droop'd that flower,  
Ere yet 'twas fully blown.

King Edward reign'd, the nation's pride,  
Of lion-hearted sire,  
And naught within his breast may bide,  
That fans unholy fire.

All strife and storm from England swept,  
And sealed her holy faith—  
Then o'er his grave a nation wept  
Too early clasp'd in death.

"And who amid the gath'ring storm  
My generous plant shall rear?  
On English soil, O, whose the arm  
And whose the soul to dare?"

O, tender shrub, thrice pale is death,  
Thrice hopeless my despair,  
I feel the hurricane's first breath,  
That sweeps thy flowers in air."

"Weep not," then spoke Northumberland;  
"What thou, O king, didst build,  
For heaven and for your fatherland,  
I know the one can shield.

"Thine eyes lift from that ebon pall,  
See yonder morning—May!  
Listen! 'Tis England's mighty call,  
GIVE US JOHANNA GREY."

He gives her. Then, with sweet release,  
Ere sixteen summers wane,  
The hero sleeps; and sleeps in peace,  
Since she is left to reign.

Then Suffolk and Northumberland,  
And Guilford, spouse and lord,  
Kneel at her feet. "Thy Fatherland,  
The royal oath and word,

"Thy kin, thy holy troth and wise,  
All, noble queen, bestow  
The crown on thee, thy virtue's prize,  
O angel, hear our vow."

"The crown," then shrieked the trembling child,  
Sank in a deadly swoon,  
"Ah, think you my ambition wild?  
And call you that a boon?"

"The crown! It knows another sire,  
I hate the spoil unjust;  
From every gem the darting fire  
Would burn me into dust.

"The crown! O Father, O my spouse,  
My noble Guilford dear,  
Why urgest thou the royal vows,  
So reckless of my cheer?"

"Why, reckless of my loyal love,  
Wouldst hurry me along,  
To that Elysium above,  
For æons—æons long.

"'Tis not a giddy fête and vast,  
A coronal and dance;  
My Guilford, 'tis a reckless cast,  
Upon a dreamy chance.

"A base assent my courtiers crave,  
Another's crown to steal,  
O'ertrampling law to dig my grave,  
With crime and vice in hell.



"O, spare me." But they answer'd stern,  
 "Thou'rt named by Henry's son;  
 His last breath spoke it—do not spurn—  
 To thee he gives his throne.

"To thee his holy work consigns,  
 Leaves thee its high renown,  
 The glory Heaven for thee designs,  
 Johanna, take the crown."

"God's will be done." With humble mien  
 She bowed the royal knee,  
 "I yield; by courtesy a queen,  
 And not by sovereignty.

"As wife and daughter I obey,  
 And mine own counsel bend;  
 And come—but ah! this yielding way,  
 Ah, whither doth it tend?"

She goes, as goes the victim lamb,  
 To coronal in the Tower;  
 O'er prison-walls her vision swam,  
 That short unconscious hour.

Ten days the festive huzzas swell,  
 When bloody Mary there  
 Rose sudden, dark as night from hell,  
 And snuff'd the tainted air.

The faggots kindle. Wide are sown  
 The ashes of the dead,  
 The nobles perish one by one,  
 And friendless leave the maid.

Hear now, and hear it valiantly,  
 For down thy throne is hurl'd  
 One day, one axe shall banish thee,  
 And Guilford from the world.

One day? One axe? Nay, 'twere a sin  
 In bigot to comply;  
 Together? Nay: the mobs begin  
 T' enjoy the agony.

"Should Death embrace the royal pair  
 Upon one bloody shrine,  
 Nor from her spouse the maiden tear  
 In his cold arms to twine?

"No. Guilford first alone shall die,  
 While thou shalt watch the scene,  
 And see his blood-stained body lie,  
 A ghastly corpse, I ween.

"For thee some death, that never dies,  
 A gurgling, strangling gasp,  
 Whilst hovers o'er your swimming eyes  
 A priest, that hated asp.

"And from thy womb swift death shall rend  
 The offspring of thy liege,  
 Strangling its birth. "Out on thee, fiend,  
 Quick, sate thy hellish rage.

"And yet in vain thy feverish haste  
 Our union to o'erthrow;  
 Hast power in realms, where angels rest?  
 In death canst sever? No.

"My noble Guilford, play the man  
 And win that high estate,  
 Where racks, nor flames, nor bigot's ban,  
 Nor death can separate.

"Gaze not on me, though I on you"—  
 The axe all bloody gleams,  
 And sick and dim her vision grew,  
 And faint her trembling limbs.

And o'er her cell three slow suns roll,  
 While in celestial sheen,  
 Her Guilford beckons to her soul  
 To come away to heaven.

"Why weep'st thou, Headman of my ward?  
 Wouldst beg a parting sign?  
 Take it, and well the secret guard,  
 My heart's most inner shrine.

"A criminal—but not with God—  
 Obeying kith and kin;  
 In death I win what death would rob,  
 From night to light divine."

*From night to light!* Dim through the shade,  
 She saw the heavenly star,  
 Then drew the malefactor's braid  
 Around her silken hair.

"Is this the bright blade, keen and tough,  
 That drank my Guilford's tide?  
 Pardon, my Saviour!—There, enough,"  
 She bowed the head and died.

Thus child and mother swift consume,  
 Like flower-dust in the dew,  
 And Guilford's spirit guides them home,  
 To th' amaranthine blue.

\* \* \* \*

Now hearts of men, both liege and fond,  
 Restrain the flowing tear;  
 This earth is but a shadowy land,  
 Before a starlit sphere.

O hearts of men, so stern of mood,  
 No more chase earthly bliss;  
 E'en golden crowns but drip with blood,  
 Fame's goal is an abyss.

But doubt ye not. Hope on, trust on,  
 This world seems paradise;  
 But one is built beyond the sun  
 That seems not, for IT IS.

## LARNED, NEVINS AND BRECKENRIDGE.

IN 1819, these three individuals, whose meteor-like course has, alas! too soon become a matter of history, were pursuing their education at Princeton; the two former being members of the Theological Seminary, the latter of the College. There commenced our acquaintance with each of them; and we knew them intimately, till death took them out of the ranks of the living. They were all noble specimens of heaven's workmanship; each has left behind a name which Genius, Eloquence and Virtue, delight to honor. Without attempting anything like a biographical sketch, we will record a few brief recollections of them, dating back to the period to which we have referred.

The first time that we ever met Larned, was at a prayer-meeting of the Theological students, in one of the college recitation rooms, on Sabbath morning. As he took charge of the meeting, he commenced by reading the hymn, "My God, the spring of all my joys," &c.; and we shall never lose the impression that he made upon us, by the first opening of his lips; there was a sweetness, solemnity and majesty in his tones, which we could not have forgotten, if we had never seen or heard of him again. In due time we delivered a note of introduction to him, from one of his intimate friends, and the generous and whole-souled air with which he met us, gave assurance of what was afterwards fully realized, a sincere and unvarying friendship.

Notwithstanding there were, at that time, a number of students in the seminary of great promise, who have since shone as stars in their respective spheres, it is no disparagement to any of them, to say that Larned was probably the master-spirit of the whole; indeed he would have been the master-spirit of almost any community, to which he could have belonged. He possessed uncommon personal attractions; though he was not above the medium size, his form was perfectly symmetrical, and every movement was characterized by simplicity and grace as well as dignity. His face is tolerably, though imperfectly represented in the engraved portrait, prefixed to the volume of his works lately published: his features were perfectly regular, and when in an excited state, his countenance became a mirror that reflected the brightest, noblest qualities of the human soul. His mind was of a bold and comprehensive cast, and delighted rather to move with the tempest or sport with the lightning, than to luxuriate

amidst the beauties of the Elysian fields. His heart was full of a kind and generous feeling, and his hand was ever open according to his ability, for the relief of human woe.

Larned's mind was always actively and usefully employed during the period of his connection with the seminary; and yet he was much less distinguished in the particular branches belonging to the theological course, than he was in respect to his general knowledge, and his ability to talk ingenuously and eloquently, on any subject that might happen to arise; and he was indeed, when he left the seminary, considering his age, a well furnished theologian; but his knowledge had been derived less from books, and more from his own reflection, than is common with theological students; and hence if he had occasion to defend any truth against the cavils of gainsayers, he would be quite likely to bring forth some arguments, at least which his own mind had originated. In those prescribed exercises which tasked his powers of eloquence, and especially his powers of extemporaneous speaking, he was pre-eminent; and whenever it was known that he was to appear on any of these occasions, there was always an additional reason on the part of the students generally, for a punctual attendance. One of his first efforts in the pulpit, after he was licensed to preach, was in the college chapel at Princeton; his audience consisting of the students of college, the students of the seminary, and some other of his familiar acquaintances. Greater expectation could scarcely have been awakened by the announcement that the pulpit was to be occupied by Robert Hall, or Doctor Chalmers; his text was, "He that believeth on the son hath the witness in himself;" a sermon which we are glad to recognize in the collection lately given to the public. The greater part of the discourse consisted of a sober discussion of the doctrine of faith; and though it was delivered, of course, in a manly and impressive manner, it was not of a character greatly to excite the sensibilities. Within some five or six minutes of the close, he fell off from the discussion into a strain of fervid and overpowering eloquence, the effect of which has never been exceeded within the limits of our observation. When he uttered the concluding words, "And will you sleep? Can you sleep? Dare you sleep?" his voice finally dying away into a faint whisper; every hearer seemed

breathless and overwhelmed; and we well remember to have heard of one individual who declared that his feelings were so much wrought upon, that, at the commencement of the prayer, he made an ineffectual effort to rise from his seat. Those who read the paragraph as it appears in print, will perhaps find scarcely enough of beauty or power in it to account for the magical effect which it produced; but they are to bear in mind that one chief element of the might and majesty of the preacher was his manner; and of that no one who has ever listened to him, can form any adequate conception.

Every one knows the history of his career after he left the seminary; how, for a year or two, he shone as a star of unparalleled brightness, and then sunk, to rise, as we trust, in a brighter hemisphere. From the time that he left the seminary, his fellow students, in common with the Christian community at large, had an eye constantly upon his brilliant course, and everything that he did, and every incident that occurred to him, if not chronicled, was at least watched with intense interest. On his return to the north, the first season after he went to New Orleans, he visited Princeton, and was greeted by his old friends with the most warm and affectionate welcome. By that time, he had gained a reputation for eloquence which no man of his age probably had in this country ever before possessed; and wherever he moved, crowds followed him, and hung upon his lips with breathless admiration. His friends were making their calculations, and the church was making hers, upon what he was to do, and what he was to be; little dreaming that this glorious luminary was so soon to go out in the darkness of death. He returned to New Orleans, and the world knows the rest. The pestilence came, but it could not drive him from his post, except by driving him to his grave.

Notwithstanding Larned's name has been cherished as a sort of synonyme with intellectual greatness and moral heroism, yet nearly a quarter of a century had passed without the creation of any permanent monument to his talents and virtues. It is an occasion for congratulation, that a brief but interesting history of his life, in connection with a considerable number of his sermons, has at length been given to the world, to remain no doubt as a permanent record for posterity, of one of the most gifted minds which the present age has produced. It is, however, due to truth to say that the published discourses, excellent as they are, represent but very imperfectly the great mind

that produced them. They were evidently written with great haste, and designed only for the pulpit: they are, therefore, as compositions, doubtless much less perfect than they would have been, if their author had ever dreamed of their surviving him through the press. But if they do not increase the fame of his eloquence, they will at least be a pledge for its perpetuity.

Nevins, though quite different in many respects from Larned, was also one of the stars of his day, and their memories are embalmed together in many hearts. He entered the seminary in 1816, immediately after leaving college, and was one of the youngest of its members. His very first appearance in any public exercise showed that he had genius of a high order, and an imagination of boundless exuberance; some of his earliest spoken productions were poetical; and no one who listened to them could doubt that he was capable of reaching uncommon excellence in that department. The extreme playfulness of his disposition served greatly to enliven his intercourse with his friends, and to render him the life of every circle into which he happened to fall. So remarkable was he in this respect, that whenever he rose to speak on any subject, that did not, by its serious nature, absolutely preclude any approach to merriment, his fellow-students, almost as a matter of course, put themselves into an attitude for enjoying a good laugh, and they were rarely disappointed. His criticisms on the performances of his brethren particularly, though generally very just, were often marked by so much shrewdness and satire, that the whole audience, by no means excepting the individual who was the subject of the criticisms, would be convulsed with laughter. He was a diligent student, and thoroughly mastered every subject in the prescribed course; though he was by no means unconscious of his own powers, he was far enough from trusting to them without application; and whenever the hour for recitation came, his appearance always indicated the most mature preparation. In his exercises before the seminary, both extemporaneous and prepared, he evinced an extraordinary versatility: here producing an elaborate and condensed argument, there rising on the wings of fancy and glowing with poetic fire, and again dealing forth direct and common sense appeals on matters of every day concern. He had a fine talent for the dramatic; and would sometimes produce an effect in this way which is rarely exceeded. We remember on one occasion he delivered as an exercise, a short piece

on the treachery of Judas, and in it he represented the whole scene; the progress and completion of the bargain, by which his master was sold, so vividly, that one might have almost imagined that the veritable fiendlike transaction was going forward in his presence; the traitor seemed actually to be standing before you; and the sound of the thirty pieces of silver, as they were counted out and thrown down, to fall upon your ear. But while this versatility was apparent in his intellectual efforts, it was obvious that his ruling passion was for the graceful and the beautiful; and hence, it was confidently anticipated by those who were associated with him in his theological course, that this character of his mind, however it might awaken admiration, would be unfavorable to his usefulness as a preacher; and his earliest sermons were altogether surcharged with poetry; and they were rather admired as poetical productions, than approved as the most judicious and effective pulpit efforts. The first entire sermon, if we remember right, which he ever delivered in the oratory, was on the text, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" And we doubt exceedingly whether there can be found a discourse glowing throughout with more exquisite imagery than this. We well remember that, after having dwelt at considerable length upon the miseries of the lost, he uttered this remarkable sentence, "We might say to the adventurous fancy, 'Go again, and bring a shade from midnight, a chill from winter, a shriek from torture, a breath from pestilence, and a thread from the weaving of the death-worm, and that might make it more complete.'" After he left the seminary, however, contrary to the expectations of his friends, the excess of figurative language which had characterized his early efforts gradually disappeared, and he became before his death one of the most stirring and pungent preachers of his time. His style was even a model for sententiousness and severity; and it is perhaps difficult to find a preacher of the present day whose sermons contain so many short, pithy and comprehensive remarks, as do those of the lamented Nevins.

To those who knew him but superficially, during the period of his connection with the seminary, it might have seemed, owing to the unusual buoyancy of his spirits, that his piety was less deep and fervent than should be expected in a candidate for the sacred office; but his most intimate friends knew that he had much communion with himself and his God,

and especially that he was no stranger to the deep inward struggles of the spiritual life. After he entered the ministry, however, there is no doubt that his Christian graces shone with a brighter lustre, and he had a far more deep and abiding sense of ministerial obligation; and his old friends, on meeting him, would still discover his sportive tendencies, but they saw also an exemplary dignity, united with the breathings of a sincere and earnest devotion. They felt that he had fulfilled in his character as a minister far more than he had promised; that his fine genius, his glowing eloquence, his admirable powers of adaptation, were all delightfully consecrated to his Redeemer's service; that grace had cured what might perhaps have been regarded as an infirmity of his nature, and even rendered it subservient to the noblest purposes.

During his life he wrote a considerable number of articles for the New York Observer, signed M. S., and especially a series of articles on popery, which at the time excited great interest, and have since been republished in a small volume. A volume of his sermons also has been given to the world, but as these were not designed by himself for publication, and of course did not receive his finishing touch, they are less perfect as compositions than the articles just referred to. They all, however, bear the impress of the same gifted and original mind, and will not, we trust, for a long time to come, have performed their full mission to the world. We remember several years ago to have been inquired of by the celebrated Doctor Abercrombie of Edinburgh, who was the author of certain articles which he had read in the New York Observer, signed M. S.; and he added that the writer of those articles had one of the most gifted minds of the present day.

Breckenridge, as we have already stated, was going through his collegiate course, while Larned and Nevins were students of theology. We knew him first as a fine, promising fellow, without any particular interest in religion, but with much of the chivalric spirit of the part of the country in which he originated. As he had always been accustomed to move in the higher circles of society, his manners were uncommonly graceful and fascinating, and his whole appearance such as to render him at once welcome, and at home in the most polished circles. We well remember with how much interest the intelligence was first whispered about that he was the subject of serious impressions; and shortly after this we were assured of the fact from his own lips, and were



gratified to find that his impressions were apparently of the most deep and satisfactory nature. It was not long before the day dawned upon his darkened and agitated spirit, and the hope of a gracious forgiveness shed its consolations into his bosom. The purpose of his life was now changed; his aspirations were sanctified, and elevated from earth to heaven; henceforth his highest ambition was to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and thus instrumentally to save the souls of his fellow-men. He evinced much of the humility, meekness and gentleness of the true disciple, was willing to sit at the feet of the humblest, if he might thereby learn anything concerning his own heart or the will of his master. In due time, after having completed his college course, he became connected with the seminary; and during the whole period of his continuance in it he was regarded as among its most promising students. He was, however, rather distinguished by the more popular and attractive qualities, both in respect to mind and manners, than by that profound research which is necessary to the most theological erudition. And the same qualities which marked his course in the seminary, were no less prominent in his character to the close of life; and hence, he was always one of the most popular men of his day. As a companion and friend he was not only agreeable but delightful; and there are families not a few of which every member, even to the youngest child, remembers him with an affection which time can never wear out. In his public services there was great inequality, owing to the fact that his discourses were rarely ever written beyond a brief skeleton, and the filling up was always according to the waxing, or the waning of his feelings. His efforts in the pulpit were sometimes magnificent; and on the platform particularly, he rarely failed of producing a powerful effect. Almost with the same breath, he could be as gentle as the zephyr, and as terrible and scathing as the thunderbolt.

Breckenridge's life was one of severe labor, no inconsiderable part having been given to the service of the church, in that most self-denying of all relations, the relation of an agent. It can hardly be doubted that he fell a victim, in a great measure, to his extraordinary labors; while it admits of as little question that the place which he occupied, was one for which he had the most rare qualifications. So few of his sermons were written, and those few probably written in so much haste, that it is scarce-

ly to be expected that anything in this way remains that can be given to the world; but a sketch of his life ought surely to be written, and no doubt ere long will be, as some of his nearest relatives who would naturally be most interested in seeing it done, are also the most competent to do it. The memory of such a man cannot perish, but the record of his talents and virtues should be conveyed to posterity, through some more trusty medium than that of tradition.

There was always a close intimacy between these three individuals, from the time that they first met until they were separated by death. And the period of their separation, Oh how brief and even momentary it appears! It seems but the other day, when they were frequently together in the most familiar and unreserved intercourse; but Larned was called away almost at the commencement of his career; Nevins was allowed the privilege of laboring in the vineyard a few years longer; and Breckenridge finally has followed them both into the regions that lie beyond the vale. What a glorious transition from the labors and vicissitudes and sins of earth, to the rest, and safety, and purity of Heaven! What a blessed communion of glorified minds is that which we may suppose them now to enjoy in the light of the throne, and the light of the Lamb! They sometimes met for purposes of devotion on earth, and counselled each other in respect to their duties, and sympathized with each other in their trials and conflicts, and thus were fellow helpers in their preparation for Heaven; but how much more delightful their intercourse now, when they can reflect upon all the toils and struggles of life as past, and can contemplate a field of ever increasing glory stretching immeasurably before them. Here their lot was ultimately cast in different parts of the vineyard, and even before they were separated by death, they could only enjoy an occasional meeting; there they occupy for ever the same glorious region, and there are no barriers to prevent the most free and delightful intercommunication. How cheering to think of Heaven as the place where those who are thrown asunder on earth come together again; where the friendships of earth are not only revived and continued, but matured into something incomparably more glowing than it has entered the mind of mortals to conceive!

The early removal of these three young ministers, suggests a consideration which would seem to render Heaven more desirable and delightful; it is, that it is a place to which multi-

tudes of the most gifted minds are called, while they are yet in their highest vigor. We cannot doubt indeed that the most decayed intellect—the mind that has become completely unstrung and seems to exist only as a wreck previous to the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle, instantly, on passing the gate of Heaven, springs into a state of exuberant life, leaving all the infirmities and the dust and dross of earth behind it. Nevertheless, constituted as we are, if we were to see none taken out of life, but those to whom life had become a burden—the infirm and the decrepit, the weary and the wo-worn—we should be in danger of losing sight of the renovating process which passes upon them at the moment of death, and practically yielding to the delusion that Heaven is little more than a place for withered minds and decayed affections. But when we see the young and the vigorous taken away in the midst of a brilliant career—when we see a glorious light extinguished before it had yet begun to wane, to be rekindled at once in that world where there is no need of the sun, we find it easy to think of heaven as a region of light and glory—of life and vigor; and our aspirations for heaven become more intense, as we think of the quickening influence which will be exerted upon ourselves by mingling for ever in its glorified society.

Moreover, it was no doubt the design of Providence in thus early extinguishing these bright lights, to rebuke the church for her disposition to trust in an arm of flesh, especially for the idolatry which she so often evinces for genius and eloquence, and to recal her to a sense of her dependence on her almighty Head. When men eminent for their talents and virtues arise, she is too prone to forget the giver in the gift—to exalt the instrument at the expense of the agent; and God in mercy often removes her idols, that she may fall back upon the boundless resources of the Lord, her strength. By these afflictive events he teaches her that he is not dependent on instruments for

the accomplishment of his purposes—that he can work by means of the rougher, as well as the more polished—that he can cast aside one and supply another at his pleasure; and he bids her lift up her head and rejoice in the unwavering assurance that, come what will, his purposes shall be fulfilled.

And finally, can we trace the brilliant path of these three young ministers, without being reminded of what it was that constituted their noblest distinction? That which contributed most to give them a bright name on earth, was no doubt their genius and eloquence; and these were indeed gifts for which the church has abundant cause to be thankful. But that which constituted their highest distinction was the very same that distinguishes the obscurest saint from every unrenowned sinner. If, as we trust, they are rejoicing at this hour in heaven and casting their crowns at their Redeemer's feet, it is not because they were gifted and eloquent preachers, who could keep the multitudes breathless while they spoke, but because they had committed themselves to Christ by faith, and had no other dependence for salvation but the merits of his blood. No doubt many as gifted as they have already sunk into the blackness of darkness; while many others of greatly inferior powers, are mingling with them in the celebration of the immortal song. Let it never be forgotten that genius is a noble gift, but piety is nobler still. Genius, by being rightly improved, may help to brighten the immortal crown; but unless it is associated with the usual image of God upon the soul, unless it is consecrated to the cause of truth and righteousness, its splendors will only prove a consuming fire to the soul's everlasting enjoyment. To the perverted and abused genius there remains nothing but a harvest of woe; but to the well directed and sanctified genius—nay, to the Christian of even the humblest capacities, a treasury of boundless wealth and glory in the skies.

## A CHAPTER ABOUT SERVANTS.

Mrs. LATHROP dropped in the other morning at our house in a deal of trouble about domestic concerns. Mr. L. had invited a number of friends to dinner, and two of the servants had availed themselves of an occasion so opportune for the indulgence of a fit of spleen to announce that they had engaged places elsewhere, leaving Mrs. L. minus her cook and her nursery maid. In these interesting circumstances she had called upon my wife for counsel and help to overcome the emergency. To oblige her next door neighbor and ancient friend, my wife promptly struck out measures of relief. Our old cook waddled to the rescue, Mr. Lathrop's festivity proceeded "without the slightest accident to mar the occasion," and wife and myself discussed, with a virtuous appetite, a capital cold dinner, rejoicing that we had had an opportunity of doing an office of good neighborhood.

The conversation naturally turned upon family servants, those useful and indispensable members of the household, and the immense trouble some housekeepers have in retaining them and attaching them to their interests. They are always in trouble with their "helps," as the New England people delicately call them; always scolding, continually changing, but only from bad to worse; and about every fortnight, the coffee is brought in by a new hand, and the kitchen is peopled with new tenants. We are not troubled in that way. We never think of changes among the operatives of the kitchen or chamber territory. Now and then a maid dies, or removes to a distant place to join relatives, or mayhap gets married; in which cases a sense of bereavement disturbs us all, and every eye is moist with tears. We feel that we are parting with a friend. We are mutually known and loved, and to separate is not pleasant.

The word servant is not unpleasant to our ear. It associates with itself nothing of degradation. The first two things we remember to have loved were our mother and an old negro servant. The latter faithful, loving creature died many years ago, and we are not ashamed that even now our heart warms with her memory and image before us. Rest on, poor Dinah—few were thy betters!

Nothing, we know, is more common than to disparage the present when comparing it with the past, and to say the former days were better than these. Still, we cannot help thinking that the

relation of master and servant, of mistress and maid, was better understood formerly. Then it ripened into friendship, confidence and real concern for each other's interests. Now it is so much work for so much wages, and a perpetual strife who shall get the best of the bargain. The interests of the parties are too often viewed as hostile interests, to the evident damage and discomfort of both. A different spirit has animated and adorned this relation in innumerable instances, many of them under our own observation. Then the servant looked upon his master's house not as a temporary covert, till he could make a better bargain, but as his home, where, for aught he expected or wished, he was to end his days. In the honor and prosperity of the house he exulted; in the day of its calamity he was a mourner. Then "the eyes of the maid were to her mistress," and the same hand that decked the babe for baptism, adorned her when a bride for her nuptials. In the long winter evenings, when all grouped themselves round the big hickory fire, (guiltless as yet we were of grates and anthracite,) and the same jest went round that all had laughed at a dozen years before, while the apples and nuts circulated from the patriarch pair to the 'wee ones' in the chimney, where was the discordant heart that cast out from itself the common joy, and felt itself a stranger and an alien there? Where was the restraint, and yet where was the insubordination or want of deference? At such times we saw a model government, and while rank and order were duly recognized and honored, none felt himself a master, for these were his children; none felt himself a servant, for these were his parents and his brethren. Confidence, confidence! that rare plant, which grows slowly, and not like a mushroom or the gourd of Jonah—confidence, we say, attained its growth in those old-fashioned times, and blessed fruits it bore.

We are not going into a very particular inquiry respecting the comparative condition of that class of society which furnishes servants to the rest; but we strongly question whether the comfort or interest of either master or servant has undergone improvement since the times we speak of. We hope nobody will feel offended and think we are talking aristocratically. It is the order of Providence that some shall be masters and some servants, and in spite of all republican equalization, this order and

distinction are permanent. The happiness and interest of each depend upon the right performance of his own duties, the proper fulfilment of his assigned relation. Any station is honorable that is honorably filled. It is disgraceful to be, not a servant, but a bad servant, and there is no honor in being a bad master. But somehow different notions have been gaining ground among us, and no good comes of them. The maid feels herself in all respects the equal of her mistress. She must dress as fashionably and as expensively, if possible. She must have her parties and routs. She crimsones as deeply, if called a servant, as if charged with a crime. If affronted, she tosses her head and threatens her mistress with the loss of her invaluable services; and in short, contrives pretty generally and successfully to have it felt that all the dependence and all the obligation are on the mistress's side. A few months are sufficient to make the parties thoroughly dissatisfied with each other, and they separate, the maid to seek among strangers a new situation for the next quarter, and the mistress to take her chance of finding among the thousands of the unprincipled and vicious, a proper person to take charge of the health and life, the manners and morals of a family of children, or to be entrusted with the freedom of her closets and drawers, and the detail of her household economy.

We are far from saying that the blame of this changeful order of things is wholly with servants. We believe no such thing; indeed, we are prone to regard it as *prima facie* evidence of an ill-bred or an ill-tempered woman, if she often changes her domestics. But of this at another time. We are speaking of the effects, not the causes, of frequent changes. And they are wholly unfortunate and mischievous. To the servant they involve loss of time, of money, of substantial comfort, of reputation, and often of self-respect. We can hardly imagine a more pitiable or a more exposed condition than that of a poor servant girl, without parents, perhaps, or even a prudent friend, wandering from place to place, and having a home nowhere, with none to nurse her when sick, to sympathize with her sorrows, to counsel her in perplexity, or even to drop a tear at her grave. There are thousands of such even in our own country. And let a man but look upon his own little innocent girl, and consider it, as it is, quite possible that she may one day be in precisely these circumstances, and the subject we have in hand will not seem unworthy of consideration. And then how much

the family suffers from frequent changes; it brings with it a feeling of insecurity, to be to such an extent and so often in the hands of strangers, whose principles we have had no opportunity of knowing, whose habits have been formed in other families, upon whom we can make no reliable calculation; and who, through wilfulness or ignorance may, injure us in our most vital interests, and blast the whole harvest of life for which we have toiled, by destroying our fortune, or good name, or corrupting the principles of a dear child. An old and faithful domestic who has shared with us the vicissitudes of life, and made herself our confidential friend, is a comfort and a blessing in a house, which money cannot buy, is a link in the chain of domestic love and joy which may not be broken, and which every wise and good man by protecting guards the whole.

Here wife reminded us of the singularly beautiful friendship of our departed friend Mary towards the old and indeed superannuated family servant, "Mammy Jane," the faithful old negress who rocked her cradle in infancy, and was destined to see her sainted mistress close her eyes in death in the maturity of a life of love to every living being—of a life which illustrated every feminine grace and illuminated every Christian virtue—a life that flowed through the world in a stream so gentle as scarcely to be discolored by its corruptions, and that at length mingled with the flood of eternity without a surge or a ripple to mark where their waters met. While Mary lived there was a filial piety in her attentions to this surviving servant, who had clung to the family through all its changes with unswerving fidelity, and had assisted to bury all its immediate members except Mary and her brother, an honored officer in the U. S. Navy. Was Mammy Jane ever threatened with indisposition that her bed was not wheeled into Mary's chamber? Did she ever fail to receive the morning salutation and inquiry about her health and feelings, of her mistress? Did she ever lie down without the cordial 'good night' and the careful 'tucking in' of Mary? Was there ever a nice tit-bit or little delicacy that Mammy Jane did not taste? Kind, good Mary! many a head is less gently pillowed in this weary world since thy removal, and hard indeed had been the reverse of old Mammy Jane, hadst thou not left her a cherished pensioner upon the sole survivor of a noble house, thy generous and high-minded counterpart and brother, Macpherson B——n.

A very pleasant parallel instance of domestic



attachment has lately become public, reflecting in an amiable and interesting light the character of the late Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. Mr. URSHUR, who met his death so calamitously and unexpectedly by the explosion on board the Princeton war steamer. In his last will he says:

"I emancipate and set free my servant David Rich, and direct my executors to give him \$100. I recommend him in the strongest manner to the respect, esteem and confidence of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relation to myself and family has always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, and yet he has never been detected in any serious fault, nor even in an intentional breach of the decorums of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense of right and propriety correct and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form. It is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him. In the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given nor had occasion to give him an unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellences than he."

Surely the happiness of families would be immeasurably increased if the same spirit per-

vaded them that is illustrated in these two instances.

It would really be worth something to possess the secret of making good servants. Some people possess it, and out of almost any tolerable material, in the course of time, they make very decent and desirable 'helps.' The simplest and surest direction we can give, though we are sure it contains the secret alluded to, is to make your dependants respect and love you. They may not be operated upon by fear to fulfil your wishes—increased rewards may have no effect—threats may pass by them as the idle wind—but love and respect will command anything. Let masters and mistresses think of this. It is worthy of thought in every family that is properly concerned for its own security and comfort. We should like to add some suggestions, especially to Christian mistresses, but this paper is already sufficiently long, and we are not sure that our topic is not too homely to secure interested attention, though rightly considered it is one of prime importance. Let us finish by saying that we are all servants one to another, and honored be they who best acquit themselves. The rich, after all, are not less dependant upon the poor than are the poor upon the rich. There is mutual servitude and mutual obligation, and there is no use in putting on high looks and thinking otherwise; and generally the best servants are the best served, and the good-will and kindness which we show to others is by them accorded to us.

## HYMN.

Thou wilt not break the feeble, bruised reed;  
Thou wilt not scorn the humble sinner's  
prayer,  
Saviour! thy love is all that sinners need,  
And I would raise a filial altar there.

The fluttering bird that from the parent's nest  
Has wandered long, and sought in vain a  
home,  
May safely hie back to that welcome breast,  
And nestle there, no longer thence to roam.

Oh Father! like a bird on weary wings,  
To Thee, first source, my spirit would return,  
Thou wilt not leave the soul that to thee clings,  
And the faint pilgrim's prayer thou wilt not  
spurn.

Why should I seek from powerless servants, aid  
Which I can ask for at my Father's gate?  
Away! ye fears that would my course impede,  
There is no prayer my Father will not greet.  
PHILOS.

## THE CAMPANULA.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE subject chosen for the colored embellishment of this number, belongs to a genus of plants in the Linnæan system called *Campanula* (a little bell), so named from the form of its flower. The specific name, *rotundifolia*, is given it on account of the shape of its radical leaves. It is commonly called the Hare Bell.

It is placed in the class *Pentandria*, order *Monogynia*, the 29th natural order of Linneus, and the 52d of Jussieu. Calyx five cleft—corol, bell-form, closed at the bottom by valves—stamens, flat—stigma, from three to five cleft. Leaves, near the root, heart-form or kidney-form—along the stem, linear and entire. The radical leaves wither as soon as the blossom appears, so that the plant has only small, slender leaves scattered along the stalk at the flowering period. Flowers in a lax panicle, nodding, blue. Blossoms in June. It grows from one to two feet high.

Its medicinal properties are cathartic and stimulant. One species of the *Campanula* (*C. trachelium*) has had considerable celebrity in the cure of inflammatory affections of the throat and mouth.

The different species of this family of plants are blossoming all through the delightful season of flowers, from May until September. The one just described blossoms in

"\*\*\*\* those merry hours

In early June, when earth laughs out,  
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,  
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

"When in the grass sweet voices talk,  
And strains of tiny music swell  
From every moss-cup of the rock,  
From every nameless blossom's bell."

How beautiful is nature! How graceful and how charming are her ornaments! Both field and forest rejoice in their existence and gladden the heart of man. All around, the bursting flowers invite his attention by their pleasing

tints and reviving fragrance, and direct him to the GREAT FIRST CAUSE of all things, as they "point through nature, up to nature's God."

I love to ramble in the woods and meadows, and converse with the sweet flowers. If I am cheerful, they are ever ready to smile with me; if I am sorrowful and afflicted, the dew-drop lends them the tear of sympathy. Let stern Adversity deprive me of wealth and worldly honor if he will; but yet I will find solace and repose among the hill-tops and along the pebbly stream, where the Creator's works attest his goodness.

"Beneath the open sky abroad,  
Among the plants and breathing things,  
The sinless, peaceful works of God,  
I'll share the calm the season brings."

Flowers are emblems of youth. They lead us to contemplate the morning and spring-time of life. Like them, youth grows up, beautiful, innocent and lovely; a thousand attractions attend him, and a thousand virtues develop themselves, which cause him to be admired and beloved. But as the northern blast and the chilling frost sometimes cut down the fairest flower of summer, or nip it in the bud, even before it has had time to display its splendor in the morning sun-beam; so the unrelenting hand of adversity, of disease and of death, withers and destroys the pride, and beauty, and glory of youth—the bud droops and decays, the flower fades and falls from its stem before half its charms are unfolded to the view. Beset with danger in many forms, his horizon often lowers, and obscurity renders his morning sad and dreary; or if the sun breaks through the cloud, and for a moment lights up a golden sky, and bright prospects shine upon his path, he is suddenly again wrapped in night, in solitude and gloom.

## AN ADVENTURE OF GIBBON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ROBERT E. BAIRD.

It was in the year 1768. Voltaire was in the zenith of his triumphs. Long had kings caressed and flattered him, philosophers and infidels extolled him, simpletons adored and all the world admired him. He was weary of disputes and controversies with Desfontaines and his brother abbots, weary of the friendship and favors of Frederick the Great; the Marchioness of Chatelet had just died, and time appeared tedious to him. Three quarters of his life had already gone by; and the great author of the "*Age of Louis XIV.*," resolved that he too would govern and have a kingdom of his own; Ferney should be his capital.

We shall not attempt to describe the castle of Ferney, that Rome of philosophy, which is now so solitary. Many tourists tell of the silence of its gardens, of the dreariness of its halls, and why should we repeat things which are known to everybody; why relate the peculiar emotion, one feels on entering this castle, reminding one of the magnificence which it formerly contained; or rather of its former consequence as the centre of that atheism and deism which have spread over all Europe. But it is not enough that kings and philosophers die; kingdoms and theories must also perish, that man may be taught that nothing is durable here below.

Shall we speak of the trees planted all over the garden by the hand that wrote *Merope*? For more than twenty years they shaded his head, and now bent down by age, they commemorate his glory. Of all the pomp and magnificence which they once witnessed, nothing remains save the simple and modest veneration of a few pilgrims, who, from time to time, visit the house of the celebrated philosopher and poet. . . . But I am wandering from my subject, and giving way to the thoughts which occupied my mind on my first visit to Ferney. I intended simply to relate an anecdote which was told me by the *porter* of the castle, who has doubtless told it to many others, for this old man has remained faithful to his master's residence, and though near a hundred years old,\*

\* This venerable and garrulous old man died last year (1843).—*Note by the Trans.*

still shows to strangers Voltaire's hat, wig, cane, inkstand and seat, and the apartment which he once occupied. As to the wig, I know several young ladies who have a lock of it, so that the *real* one must have been used up long ago. But my readers will pardon my digression, and I return to my episode of 1768.

The castle of Ferney became, then, the true literary capital of Europe. Philosophy had already dethroned royalty; even kings paid homage to Voltaire, who received with pride the vassalage of princes and of crowned heads. The Duke of Choiseul, exiled by the influence of a favorite of Louis XV., held his court at Chanteloup, and many a man of worth voluntarily went into exile with him; but neither Chanteloup nor Versailles approached the celebrity of Ferney. To tell the truth, however, the attractions of the latter court were rather less noble than those of true royalty; and it must be owned that *Madame Denis* did the honors of the palace in a free, citizen-like manner; but it must not be forgotten that it was a philosophic court, and that title was sufficient to loosen the bonds of etiquette. Besides, the Prince, or if you choose, the Patriarch of Ferney was not often accessible, and many a noble visitor was compelled to return to his home, without even perceiving the shadow of the poet, who, it must be confessed, was not always very hospitable. He maintained especially a very rigorous severity towards the illustrious Gibbon, that third person of the triumvirate of English historians, whom posterity places on a footing with Hume and Robertson, who were contemporaneous with him. But we will turn back to the source of this antipathy of Voltaire to Gibbon, and say what was the origin of the quarrel between these two great men, which quarrel was for them an occasion of a combat full of wit and originality.

Of all those historians who flourished in England during the eighteenth century, Gibbon has acquired the name of being the most veracious and conscientious. His love for truth in history has become proverbial, and he went so far in his rigidity that he would have sooner abandoned twenty political projects, than alter-

ed the slightest historical event. Hence, perhaps, that varnish of skepticism,\* which appears in all the works of this great historian. But in our days, writers pity the weakness of Gibbon; and any conscientious author, who should desire to make truth the basis of his works, would be ridiculed by our modern historians. Voltaire, therefore, must have given rise to this new generation of misrepresenting authors, for certainly no one would presume to accuse him of having bound himself too closely to the chariot of Truth. Many of his enemies, indeed, have declared that it was he who first introduced among us the art of blending history with romance. In a word, the author of the "*Siecle de Louis XIV.*," had just added to the series of his historical works, a collection of adventures and battles of the great hero of Sweden, and had decorated his work with the pompous title of the "*History of Charles XII.*" Gibbon was filled with indignation at this prostitution of the name of history, and was not slow in manifesting his anger at the indelicacy of Voltaire. An article of the greatest severity and violence appeared in London, and was soon known throughout all Europe. Voltaire, whose literary susceptibility was easily aroused, became exasperated at his libeller, and vowed him an eternal hatred. An occasion for punishing him at last presented itself, and Voltaire did not fail to seize it. It was in this wise.

Gibbon was travelling in Switzerland. He was just about to give the last touches to his history of the Helvetic Republics, and he had resolved to come to that country in order to collect the documents which were indispensable for that important work. Already several years had elapsed since the scandal occasioned by his pamphlet against Voltaire.

At this period, as we have said, the court of Ferney was in all its glory; and Gibbon did not wish to return to his country without having visited Voltaire; without having seen and spoken to the prince of French philosophy. With this object in view he took up his abode at Geneva, and wrote to Voltaire, asking permission to come to the castle. Voltaire was revengeful; he had not forgotten the writer who had abused him; consequently, an answer was sent to the latter, saying that he must abstain from visiting Ferney. Gibbon expected such a reply; but, like a true Englishman, he

\* We fear that a very different reason must be assigned for Mr. Gibbon's skepticism, than that which our amiable Frenchman surmises.—*Note by the Trans.*

held on, and did not think himself conquered. A few weeks passed. A new request was sent to Ferney, and the same answer returned. But obstacles excite the courage of high-minded beings. Gibbon is determined to see Voltaire. But he must find a new method. The way of negotiation cannot be pursued, he must carry the place by storm or by cunning. He resolved upon the latter method, for the first among philosophers was not practicable.

Therefore, one sunny morning, Gibbon filled his pockets with guineas, took his travelling stick, and set out for Voltaire's dwelling. Ferney is but a few miles from Geneva. Gibbon was to arrive early at the gates of the castle. And now, while he is on the road, we will give you the portrait of the hero of our story.

Gibbon was of an ugliness difficult to describe; his enormous head, abundantly adorned with red hair—such as belongs to the most of Albion's children—was sunk down between two shoulders, more worthy of belonging to some quadruped than to a member of the human race. His fallow eyes glistened, it is true, with an extraordinary lustre, by which great men are always known; but this brightness was greatly lessened by the inconceivable thickness of his eyebrows, which shaded the greater part of the upper portion of his face. Add to this a very round nose, with immense open nostrils; then a violet-colored mouth and a square chin; the whole covered with wrinkles, and encased in a horrible thick garland of red and yellow whiskers; and you will have, with great exactitude, the seducing portrait of our friend Gibbon. As to the fantastic hump, whose sinuous circumference occupied the place of three quarters of his spine, we will not say a word, nor of the strange inequality of his legs, which were miraculously placed almost in the middle of his clavicular bones.

Thus exquisitely shaped, Gibbon arrived at Ferney and rang the bell at the entrance of the park. The porter hastened to open, and was about to plunge the key into the lock, when, O, fatal moment for Gibbon! he was recognized. And sure enough, who could mistake him? The description of our unfortunate hero had been given to Voltaire, at the request of the latter, by the Republic of Geneva, and all the domestics of the castle knew it. So Gibbon could not preserve his *incognito*. He must think of retreating; but no, he is an Englishman, and

\* Red hair is much more characteristic of the Scandinavians than of the English.—*Note by the Trans.*



will stand against the enemy. While the porter gives way to the cruel pleasure of repeating the orders of his master, and of examining the whimsical features of the stranger, the latter puts his hand in his pocket and makes his numerous guineas jingle; he takes them out, and displays them on his hand in the sun, and shows them to the astonished porter. This time adieu to Voltaire's orders; Gibbon will triumph. British gold has corrupted the porter's fidelity: the gates are mysteriously opened. Gibbon enters. . . . But his campaign does not end with the first victory; true, the first step is taken, perhaps the most difficult one; but the next required greater courage and more skill; will Gibbon be able to overcome the difficulties which attend it? The reader will judge from the sequel.

The porter, when he yielded to the generosity of our Englishman, had not assured him that he could have an interview with his master. He had only agreed to let him come within the gates of the park and enter his lodge. Gibbon was to find out the way to see M. de Voltaire. In vain he ransacks his brain; in vain he strikes his forehead; in vain he scratches his head; no idea comes to his mind. However, he must quit this critical position; but how shall he do so?

Tired of warring with his imagination, Gibbon at last begins again with the porter, and inquires into the details of Voltaire's private affairs, adding, that since he must renounce the pleasure of seeing the philosopher, he does not wish to leave Ferney without taking with him a few *souvenirs* of the great man who had refused so obstinately to see him. Porters are generally very talkative; the one of Ferney did not depart from the customs of his brethren. He is in his element. He relates in detail all that he knows of the habits of his master, and even all that he does not know; at what hour he goes to bed, at what hour he gets up, when he eats, when he drinks, when he salutes Madame Denis (his housekeeper), and when he kicks Laharpe. In a word, all the doings of Ferney come to the ears of Gibbon, whose face lightened up little by little; and when all was finished, a bright idea flashed across his mind. Of all the details furnished by the porter, Gibbon's memory only retained one circumstance, which can be translated by this psychological remark—All men of genius have their share of caprice, for which they often sacrifice their dearest interests. Voltaire had his; Gibbon was more decided than ever to see Voltaire.

This is the indiscretion which showed Gibbon the weak part of his enemy.

Voltaire owned a little English horse, of which he was very fond. He would permit no one but himself to feed him; it was he who daily filled the manger with the most tender hay; he who gave him to drink in a silver bucket which he had had made expressly for that object by one of the silversmiths of Ferney. If any unhappy mortal dared to touch even the end of this horse's mane, Monseigneur got into such a passion that Madame Denis felt the effects of it for a whole week after. But by what fine qualities had this little horse been able to attract the favor of his master! What a complete union of all perfections! How nobly he carried his pretty English head, and with what grace he shook his ears, projected his neck, and fixed his beautiful round eyes on the piece of sugar which M. de Voltaire held out to him in the palm of his hand! How smooth and shining was his light brown skin, and how long and black was his mane! What fine legs, what strength in his thighs, what suppleness in his chest! Any one besides Voltaire would have made an idol of him; and everybody admired the graceful manner in which he followed his master for nothing but a biscuit, with which he had been teased for a quarter of an hour. Therefore, no wonder that Voltaire almost worshipped this horse; and as the first law of love forbids sharing it with anybody else, he wished to be the only one loved by his horse; hence the order that no one should approach him. This command was wise, and Voltaire would have been happy if it had never been disobeyed. But, alas! he had not taken English gold into consideration. This time Gibbon will triumph.

A good reason was wanted to determine the already disobedient porter to transgress his master's laws a second time; great responsibility would fall upon his head; but British guineas answer to all the arguments of his conscience, and the treaty which is to deliver Voltaire's face to the inspection of Gibbon is about to be signed. For more gold, the porter will go and let loose the horse and will lead him to the great avenue of the park, leaving Gibbon to make as much of the disobedience as he can.

It was still early, as we have said, when the hero of our history arrived at Ferney, and the shutters of the castle were tightly shut; everything seemed to favor this hazardous enterprise; no inconsiderate witness was there to reveal Gibbon's conspiracy. When the bargain was

struck and the gold paid, Gibbon hastens to the park, and hides himself behind a large tree. The porter, on his part, goes straight to the stable, unties the colt, and runs off to his lodge. The fresh morning air, and his unexpected liberty, act simultaneously on the petulant organization of the animal. He springs into the garden, jumping about, frisking and skipping in the midst of the flowers, neighing, and throwing the sand and gravel about with his feet. But suddenly a window is opened with a crash, and Voltaire's face is seen, white and trembling with the greatest rage. . . . . Unfinished oaths and sentences are uttered; he curses his servants, sends them all to the evil one, and says he will drive them all away. At his voice the domestics of the castle run to him to see what is the matter, and wish to stop the horse; but Voltaire forbids their moving, and especially their touching him. He says he will himself come down and lead the animal to the stable, and endeavor to appease, by his paternal kindness, the impetuous disposition which cannot fail to become fatal to his young disciple. And saying this, he runs down the steps, and follows the colt, calling it by its name, and coaxes it to return to its stable. But during all this time, Gibbon, hidden behind his tree, was able to examine the features of the great writer whom he had so long desired to see. What was his astonishment when he saw the celebrated author of the "Henriade," the immortal writer of tragedies, the prince of philosophy and infidelity, fantastically accoutred in a long red morning gown, his head covered with a tremendous wig "*à la Louis XIV.*," surmounted with a ridiculous night-cap, which Madame Denis had taken care the day before to ornament with a large yellow ribbon. Great man! is it indeed you who are thus appearing, before the eyes of your antagonist, the celebrated Gibbon; before him, who, having ridiculed you as historian, will not fail to abuse you as philosopher! But it was not philosophy, history, Gibbon or scandal, that now occupied his mind! Voltaire was far from thinking of all these trifles; his horse had escaped; the morning dew would wet its tender hoofs, which might be broken against the stones. But, alas! Voltaire little thinks that while he is trying to prevent his horse from catching cold, his cunning will be found in fault. . . . He continues his race, and soon finds himself opposite to the tree, from behind which Gibbon has been examining all his proceedings. All at once the Englishman leaves the tree and walks with a firm step up to Voltaire, and with

the phlegmatic *nonchalance* for which his countrymen are distinguished, announces his name, and declares that he will now return content to his country, since he has had the luck of seeing the great man.

Voltaire, stupified at the ugliness of our hero, and at the impudence of his proceeding, lost his wits, forgot his horse, and ran away as fast as he could towards the house, without even answering a word to the treacherous Gibbon. Several minutes elapsed: our Englishman, proud of his victory, has not yet left the park. Like a conqueror, he takes the liberty of surveying the field of battle which his enemy has just abandoned. However, he was thinking of returning to Geneva, when he was overtaken by a liveried servant, who bows to him, and begins by begging his pardon for the singularity of the message which he was about to deliver; but said his master commanded, he must obey.

Gibbon, curious to know the object of this errand, requests the domestic to explain it.

"My lord sends me to Mr. Gibbon," said he, "to demand twelve guineas for having seen the beast."

"Here, my friend," replied the Englishman, "here are twenty-four; and tell your master that I have paid in advance for seeing him again; I will here await your return."

The servant goes to deliver our hero's answer, and soon returns to Gibbon; but this time with a real invitation from Voltaire to spend the remainder of the day at Ferney, and to partake of the dinner of the château.

Gibbon congratulates himself on the happy effect of his wit, and promises himself much pleasure in the few hours that he is about to spend in the Voltairian court, with Voltaire himself. But, alas! the philosopher did not, indeed, take seriously the pleasantry of Gibbon, which he had provoked by one of those caprices which were so common to him; but as the conduct of the Englishman had offended him, he was not willing to allow a full victory to his antagonist. He did not show himself during any part of the day, and did not even come to dinner. Gibbon, however, consoled himself about that.

When the time for the dinner was come, he ate enough for four persons, drank in like proportion, and appeared very jovial towards all the courtiers; and when the meat was finished, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote the following impious lines, which he sent to his host: "*M. de Voltaire is like the god of the Roman Catholics—he allows himself to be*

eaten and drunk, but does not let himself be seen." He then took his travelling stick and returned to Geneva by the same conveyance which brought him to Ferney, and the same week he left Geneva for London. A few months afterwards he published his *History of the Helvetic Republic*, which sealed his literary renown.

The old porter did not say whether Voltaire found the last joke of Gibbon to his taste, but it must have befitted the then prevailing mode; for impious jests were more relished than any other kind at the time when this episode took place.

## LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. A. D. EDDY, D. D.

### JOSEPH, OR THE PROSPEROUS YOUNG MAN.

WE have already alluded to the bright example of moral excellence given in the character of Joseph. With the general features of that character you are all familiar, and have no doubt listened to the recital of his wrongs with the liveliest emotions, and beheld with joy the redress of his injuries.

In this divinely drawn character, there are some features of commanding prominence. They are the essential elements of goodness, with which no one ever failed to prosper.

FIRST. *The filial piety of Joseph.* I will not detain you with the sweet remembrances of his early filial devotion, which so drew forth and fashioned around him the strong and fatal partiality of a father, and which so distinguished him above his brethren, as to excite their envy and revenge. It would seem, that all this was not so much from the patriarch's weakness, as from the resistless powers and charms of the young man's excellence. An excellence, too, of which he himself seems to have been the unconscious possessor; while he ravished and stole away the almost entire heart of the venerated Jacob; himself the innocent and unsuspecting occasion of that envious, domestic sin, that opened an eventful crisis in the history of mankind.

I never think of Joseph, led away and cast into the pit; sold and carried into Egypt; and there, whether in the prison or the palace, writing up the riches of the harvests or riding in the chariots of Pharaoh, but his mind and his heart seem to be reverting to his home and resting upon his father. And the agony of his mind, in his darkest hours, seems not so much

on account of his own condition, as from the care-worn, disappointed, deceived and wasting Jacob, his father. O, there is something in the name of father, that always attends the wanderings and seems to entwine itself around the heart of Joseph; and we never see the veil drawn and the burden lifted from his soul, till that memorable hour, in which the hoary Canaanite is bathing in tears the bosom of his long lost Joseph, borne in the arms of filial piety. And there is no picture so lovely drawn, as that in the palace of Pharaoh, "when Joseph, the prime minister of State, led the poor old shepherd to the king, and, before all the lords of the Egyptian court, introduced the decrepit, and care-worn pilgrim, as *his father*. Who, after looking at this, will ever be ashamed of a father because he is poor? What a glory did that one act draw around the brow of Joseph? The lustre of the golden chain that hung from his neck was dim, compared to the brightness of this deed; and the chariot in which he rode in imperial pomp, raised him not half so high as the eminence he held, when he stood before the monarch of Egypt, the patriarch of Canaan leaning on his arm."

My young friends, this is not fancy. It is not an idea robed to importance in the drapery of an ancient tale; it is living reality; it is Scripture verity. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Is not filial piety an element of moral excellence? Take it away from a young man's character, and everything of good you

\* Rev. John Angel James.

leave, cannot redeem him: and though the grace of God may save him through repentance from hell, he is irrecoverably lost to a virtuous and lovely life.

There is something in the home relations between father and son, that tells the whole character. That son, who loves his seat at his father's side in the sanctuary of God; who loves to lean upon his father's arm; who loves, when he grows up, to write his name in his father's firm; who loves, when fatherless, to be the entire support of his father's widow; I say, *such* a son has abiding elements of excellence, and a shield. Heaven's unerring hand points him to honor and good in a thousand ways.

"No small measure of prosperity," says Dr. Dwight, "seems ordinarily interwoven with a course of filial piety. The comfort which it causes parents; the harmony which it produces in families; the peace which it yields to the conscience—to these, it adds the approbation of all; a lasting reputation."

Beyond this, it associates itself with temperance, moderation and sobriety, which give a solid foundation for health and long life. And these are not all its blessings. I do not say that miracles are wrought for its reward; neither will I say that purer gales breathe to preserve its health; nor that softer suns arise, or more timely rains descend to mature its harvest; nor that more propitious winds blow to waft its ships in safety. But I will say, that on the tide of providence, multiplied blessings are borne into its possession at seasons when they were unexpected, in ways unforeseen and by means unprovided, which are often of high importance, and which altogether constitute a rich proportion of prosperity, and which usually are not found by persons of contrary character. At the same time, those who act well as children, almost, of course, act well as men and women; and thus without design have taken the scion of happiness from the parent stock, and grafted it upon other stems which bear fruit abundant to themselves. Here

"It revives and bears  
A train of blessings for their heirs."

I cannot forget the filial Joseph. He is most honorably and tenderly united to his family. Forgetful of the injuries of the past, mindful of the present and the future, he nourishes through all the famine his father, his brethren and all his father's household.

Behold him in the sick chamber of Israel, receiving on his sons the Patriarch's blessing—he

*blessed them in that day and died.* And Joseph fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him. Faithful to his promise, and filial still, he entombed him in Canaan with his kindred, thrice honored by his ancestry, by Egypt and his own excellence.

SECOND. The next prominent feature of the character of Joseph was his *immaculate purity*.

There was a delicacy of feeling and association; a chasteness of conversation and intercourse; a purity of life here, which cannot but arrest and charm. There seems an ether pureness in his mind; a snow-white innocence and sparkling clearness in his imaginings; an infant's chastity and sweetness and ardor in his love; and we could almost know that Joseph might safely stand even at the lascivious bed of royalty.

The age is replete with demoralizing principles and a corrupting literature, which are fast vitiating and degrading the mind, and poisoning, as with the miasma of death, the popular feeling. And that young man, who, in admiration of Byron and Bulwer, follows in the stained track of their vulgar and vitiated minds, and revels in the luxurious lasciviousness of their grovelling and diseased imaginations, will inevitably imbibe the corruptions of their hearts, and like their most degraded and abandoned characters, faint reflections of their own dark and vitiated souls, become, abroad and at home, outcasts from virtue and every good, the betrayers of confidence, and the utter blast of every social joy. Such a young man has no heart for virtuous love, and can form no home, the hallowed seat of chaste and holy peace.

It is not inappropriate to my purpose, but directly applicable to the end I have in view, to say, that the chief source and security of earthly prosperity are found in the domestic relations; in the order, love, support, inviolate purity, dignity and elevation of the family circle.

Each young man has now his mother to honor, venerate and cherish; his sisters to protect, support and love; or he looks forward to the day when his own chaste home shall greet and charm him.

These duties and prospects are high stimulants to every young man of virtuous promise. Where these are wanting or disregarded, the strongest bonds of virtue are relaxed; the visions of future good are shaded, and promises of happier days are few indeed.

Without the domestic relations and virtues, there could not exist even the being of civil so-



ciety. And the question returns upon you, what can that young man do towards the securing and maintenance of these relations and virtues, whose associations, imaginings and habits are void of purity? Where in the chambers of his soul can you lodge a virtuous emotion? What element of his corrupted nature can give promise of good to himself or to others?

Such a man has destroyed his own power of confidence in others—of confidence, I say, in others. That leading element in the happiness of life is lost. Incapable of pure and virtuous associations, he looks for none in others. Knowing that he cannot be trusted, he has no confidence in any. From such a heart, suspicion, malice, revenge, with every malign emotion, soon spring forth to poison and destroy.

Not only so, but it is purity of mind and character that gives us our interest and pleasure at home, as we cherish confidence in the virtuous claims of that hallowed spot. In unstained purity ourselves, we feel at home, easy and natural there; conscious of our worth and claims to all the respect, confidence and love due to such sacred relationship.

There is no such self-support—no such sustaining, manly confidence—no such elevating aspirations—no such pledges of temporal prosperity and peace, and of future good, as are found in the pureness of a young man's mind, and in his virtuous life. The contrary is the cloud, the chill, the death. Few of this last character have even the impudence and hardihood to claim the stand that virtue might assume. And if they gain it for a moment, it is but to blight and wither fairest hopes and sweetest hearts, that have been thus feloniously allied to pollution and shame. And this shameless eminence so attained, is early wasted beneath polluted power, and the victim falls thrice disgraced; and would to God he fell alone, dishonored and destroyed.

There is not a doubt that the chief checks to laudable aspirations, and the chief causes of social and domestic ills, are found in the want of early virtue, in pure associations of the heart and life.

Look at Joseph; wherever he stood, he stood immaculately pure; in conscious innocence. To the father that bore him; to the prince that he served; to the prisoner with whom he slept in chains; to the court he adorned; to the wife of his bosom, and to the chil-

dren that he loved and honored; to all alike, he could lay open a pure and stainless life—a character of snow-drift innocence. Had he lost his virtue in the princess' hall, he had never left his name illustrious in the book of God, nor found embalment in the admiration of mankind. With Absalom he might have been a rebel to his prince's throne, and a ravisher of his father's house.

Nor less destructive is the sin of which I speak, of all the social virtues and securities. A low, grovelling and impure mind invades and eradicates all the moral and honest principles of our nature. It wholly dethrones every living virtue from the man. It is like the sin of witchcraft and idolatry of old. It admits of no redeeming qualities. Nothing of good will or can live with it. Least of all can faithfulness and honesty, those essential elements of usefulness and success in life. Any of those habits of mind and associations of life, which demand the secrecy of the heart and midnight darkness, can never admit virtuous associations, secure confidence or return fidelity. Unfaithfulness, secrecy, mean, dastardly retirement must govern and degrade. How can honesty, justice, openness and integrity be expected from such a man? He is utterly unfitted for all honorable trust in life, and he will sooner or later betray the very confidence that his deceit or his better days secured.

My young friends, I have lived longer in this world, and seen more of it than most of you. I have made it no small study of my life, to trace the results of moral causes which operate to aid or depress the aspirations of young men; to elevate, adorn and bless their advanced relations, or to disappoint and destroy the hopes and prospects of maturer years. And I unhesitatingly say, there is nothing that spreads so widely through business relations, commercial friends, incorporated trusts, and political and civil associations, distrust, suspicion, lax morals, reckless expenditures, astonishing defalcations and final ruin, as the demoralizing associations of which I speak.

This evil starts its way by paralyzing the best sensibilities of the heart, and poisoning the springs of all good. It holds on its course, feeding on the victims of innocence and virtue; and ends its blasting career only at the grave of all it could reach and kill, there to entomb itself in eternal infamy and death.

"MY SHEPHERD."

BY TH. HASTINGS.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a 6/8 time signature, containing a whole rest. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff begins with a treble clef and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

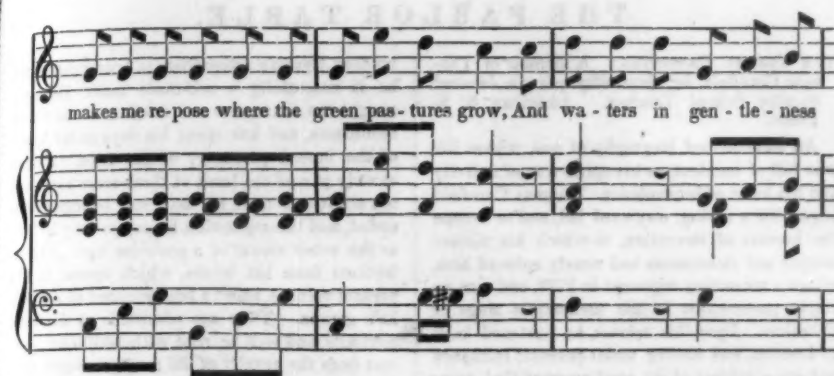
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The Lord is my Shep-herd, his

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a 6/8 time signature, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff begins with a treble clef and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

kind-ness I know, My wants will be ev-er sup-plied; He

THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.



2.

My wandering affections, so often astray,  
His kindness and care will reclaim;  
To wisdom and holiness point out the way,  
To the praise of his glorious name.

3.

What though I walk through the dark valley  
of death,  
No evil my spirit will fear;  
My shepherd is with me, his arm is beneath,  
His love and his comfort are near.

4.

The hand of his bounty my table supplies,  
My cup of enjoyment o'erflows;  
He keeps me in safety when troubles arise.  
Nor yields to th'assaults of my foes.

5.

His goodness and mercy around me have poured,  
His love shall forever endure;  
Forever I'll dwell in the house of the Lord,  
Whose arm of salvation is sure.

H.

## THE PARLOR TABLE.

**THE USEFUL CHRISTIAN:** A memoir of Thomas Cranfield, for about fifty years a devoted Sunday School Teacher. American S. S. Union.

An unvarnished biography of one, whose life was full of incident, as his spirit was of activity and his heart of benevolence. Thomas Cranfield began life a roving, wayward lad, and to escape the horrors of starvation, to which his violent temper and viciousness had nearly reduced him, joined a recruiting regiment in 1777, and was an active participator in the memorable siege of Gibraltar. Upon his release, he hastened back to London, and having under parental influence become a subject of the good grace of God, turned the current of his restless genius to the duties of a Sunday School teacher. For nearly half a century he pursued his labor of love among the poor and wretched in the purlieus of London, building up a school in every neglected corner within his reach, and visiting the hovels of the outcast and the destitute to supply them the means of subsistence, and carry them the message of life. With all this devotion to his Master's cause—and few have done more for it than he in a lifetime—he prosecuted his daily business with moderate success, and was content with the measure meted out to him by heaven, and it may well be said of him instrumentally, as it is said of the God-man immediately, “as poor, yet making many rich.” A better Sunday School book has not appeared in many days.

**MY NATIVE VILLAGE,** or the Recollections of twenty-five years. Am. S. S. Union.

A series of tales, illustrating the progress of the Temperance reformation, and the different aspect it has given to the domestic scenes of a country village. The tales are told in a simple and touching style, and teach the lesson, which cannot be too well conned by the young, that strong drink is a mocker, and changes the blessings of God into curses for His offspring.

**INCIDENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE AND THE EUROPEAN ALPS.** Translated from the German of Heinrich D. Zschokke, by Louis Strack. D. Appleton & Co.

This volume introduces to us a writer, who has reached a no common celebrity among men of letters on the European continent. Oppressed by poverty and disappointment in the outset, and persecuted by the jealousy of an established Church in the midway of his course, striking out for himself a novel path in literature, and

holding German rationalism in hearty contempt, he is essentially a self-made man. He early sought the retirement and freedom of the Swiss mountains, and has spent his days in the midst of the honest peasantry of the Alps. Having already passed the limit of three-score years and ten allotted to man, his task may be regarded as ended, and the reputation he enjoys may be held as the sober award of a posterior age. The selections from his works, which appear in the present volume, afford a fair specimen of Zschokke's genius. They are admirable as domestic portraits, and will be read with additional interest from the novelty of the manners which they describe.

**SERMONS BY HUGH BLAIR, D. D., F. R. S.** To which is prefixed the Life and Character of the Author, by James Finlayson, D. D., complete in one volume. New York: John S. Taylor & Co. 1844.

It does not become us, in this place, to speak of the many virtues of such a mind as Dr. Blair. His name is too widely known, and too familiar with Americans from their school-days to call for a fresh introduction; and the reputation his sermons have long held for their exact method, their strength and depth of thought, and their easy, perspicuous style, renders any encomium of ours needless. The present volume contains all the sermons, ninety-one in number, which remain from the pen of the author. It is a handsome octavo of over six hundred pages, in a clear, fair type, and is offered at a price which will make it much sought after. As a family volume of sermons it has no superior.

**THE WORKS OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.** Vol. II.—Mr. Dodd has just issued the second volume of his elegant edition of Mrs. Tonna's writings. In addition to the prose fictions heretofore published, he has incorporated several poems, which had not previously appeared in an American dress. *Izram*, a Mexican Tale, founded on events which transpired before the great struggle for freedom in South America, is a poem of no ordinary character: indeed there are passages in it, which any living poet might be proud to have written. The contents of the volume are *IZRAM*, *HELEN FLEETWOOD*, *PASSING THOUGHTS*, *THE FLOWER GARDEN*, *POEMS ON THE PENINSULAR WAR*, *PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS IN HEAVENLY PLACES*, and *SECOND CAUSES*. The typography of the work is worthy of all praise.







Carlo.

T. Monk.

SIMEON AND THE CHILD.

*Engraved for the Christian Parlor Magazine*



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